

the
voyageur

1947-48

the voyageur

Pickering College

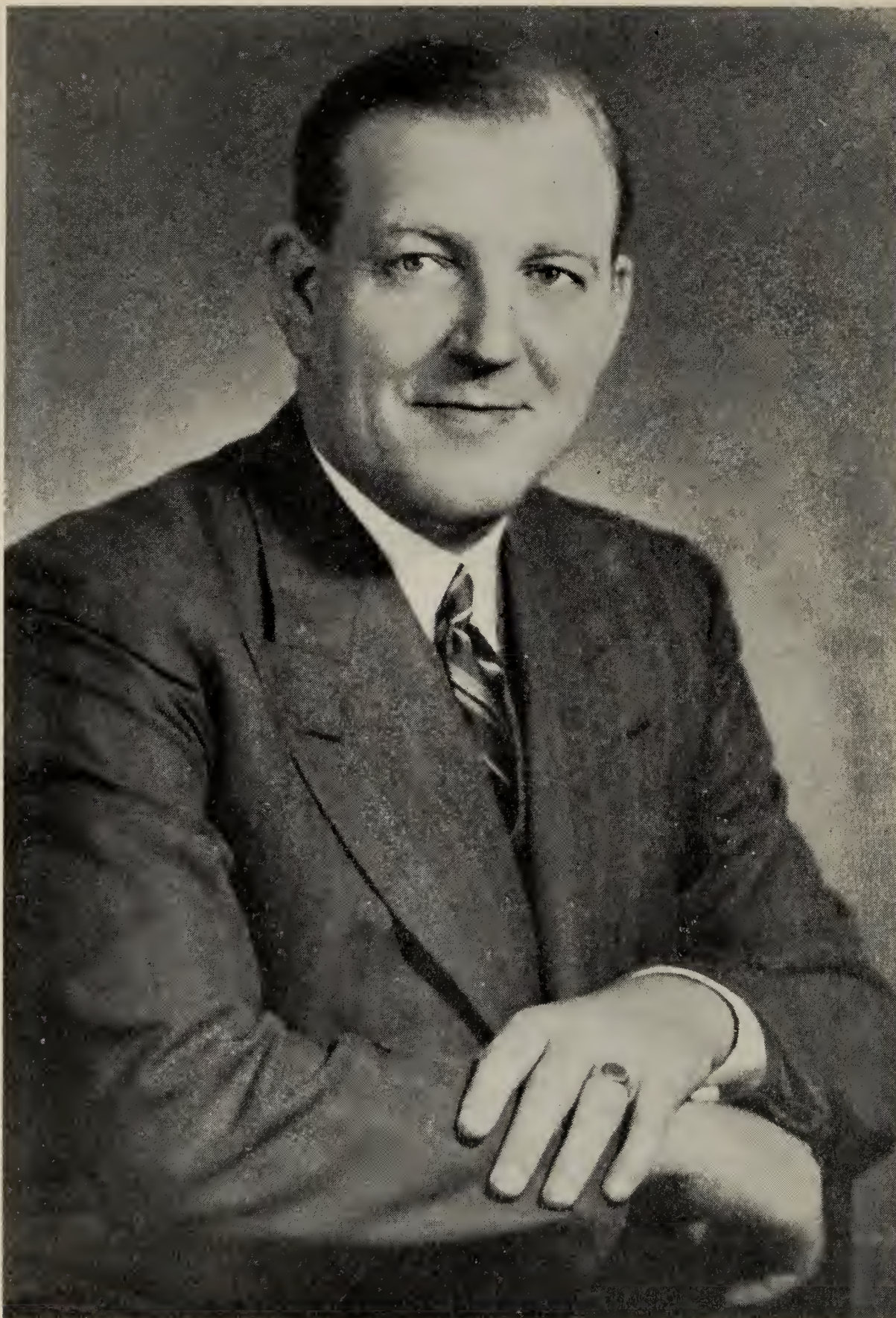
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JOSEPH McCULLEY, M.A. (Oxon)
Headmaster, 1927-1947

Dedication

As a tribute to his twenty years of dynamic and inspiring service to Pickering College, this edition of *The Voyageur* is affectionately dedicated to Joseph McCulley. Old boys, parents, former staff members, and all those who make up the family of Pickering will join us in saying *thank you* to a great educationist and, even more significantly, to the personal friend of every one who has made his home on the hilltop at one time or another.

It was not a coincidence that our Quaker board under the chairmanship of Mr. A. S. Rogers entrusted the reopening of Pickering in 1927 to this youthful graduate of the Universities of Toronto and Oxford, where he had formulated an educational philosophy which was based more than anything else on the Christian belief in the worth of each individual. This was the tie between the young headmaster and the age-old Society of Friends he was coming to serve. This was the seed which produced the way of education which those of us who know Pickering revere as its essential spirit. In an age of mass production this emphasis on the individual in education is McCulley's greatest contribution to Pickering and to Canadian education beyond.

To those who know Joe it was no surprise that he should wish to face the challenge of new responsibilities in the national field. In his tasks as Deputy Commissioner of Penitentiaries he carries our good wishes and our confidence that he will continue "to strive, to seek, to find and not to yield".

—H.M.B.



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R. E. K. ROURKE, M.A. (Harvard)

Ashley and Crippen

Some Thoughts from the Headmaster

IT IS A GREAT HONOUR to be the seventh headmaster of Pickering College. It is also a great responsibility. The closing days of my first year of office have brought me a clearer picture of both aspects of my task.

I know something of the fine record of the early school, and I have been privileged to share in the labours of the last twenty years. My memories go back with relish to the enthusiasm of a youthful staff in nineteen hundred and twenty-eight, to the years of trail-blazing under the inspired leadership of Joe, to the final coming-of-age of Pickering. Such memories inspire humility and fear,—humility because the man is so much smaller than the school, and fear lest he halt her onward march.

Fortunately, I was from the beginning of this year sustained by the sure and certain knowledge that I was not labouring alone. The untiring efforts of loyal colleagues, old and new, were added to the helpful co-operation of a splendid group of students. The faults of an inexperienced headmaster were not allowed to clog the wheels. And so the year rolled by. Football, hockey, basketball, interest groups, Dramatic Club, Parents' Day, Christmas Banquet, Glee Club, Sports Day, and even classes, fitted into their places in the picture. What a privilege to captain such a team!

Many phases of the year's activity have impressed me but I must be content to mention only one: The general tone and spirit of the school have been outstanding. The traditions of the past contribute to the present; the present augurs well for the future. Pickering is indeed "the sound of many voices". Old Boys have written from all over the globe to express their faith in the school; the students continue to demonstrate the worth of its basic principles. Faith with works is indeed a vital combination.

I say, therefore, that the future shines bright before us. We face another year with many staunch men of Pickering at their posts; Harry, Don, Blackie, Barney, Dick, and Rudy will team with some capable co-workers, newer to Pickering but lacking nothing in enthusiasm. And the gang at the school will be backed by a revitalized Old Boys' Association. Under the leadership of Ron (Pop) Perry, the old guard will soon launch a Memorial Fund Campaign to provide funds for some of the school's pressing needs, thus commemorating the forty-two of their number who lost their lives in the war.

I close with the statement of a deep personal conviction. I believe that Pickering College has a great mission in Canadian education, that our philosophy of life has within it the sacred ingredients that might transform the nations into one vast society of friends, that we have within ourselves the power to build Jerusalem "in this our green and pleasant land". Let us not fail for want of trying.

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EDITORIALS

Tolerance

MANY YEARS AGO, in Palestine, a great philosopher was murdered for expressing his beliefs. Not so long ago, in our own generation, thousands of people were murdered not only for the expression of their beliefs but also only because they were suspected of entertaining them.

Since man could speak, freedom of expression and belief has varied directly with bloodshed. Christ was nailed to a cross in Jerusalem; and Nero laughed at Christians in their death-throes in the arena; Dachau and Belsen accounted for thousands of European free-thinkers; and Bilbo and Talmadge pronounced negro lynchings as "most regrettable"; and today if a man is not a conservative he is a communist. Look back at the record of bigotry, violence and stupidity, liberally interspersed with wars designed to make the world a Utopia. Then stop, and look ahead.

"So what?" you ask, and "What's that got to do with me?" Here's what. Last week, after a talk in chapel by a man whose views were radically different from most of ours, some of us displayed narrow and intolerant thinking. The Red Bogey once again came to view. A man who expressed his own beliefs was branded a communist by some of us, because, perhaps, we were too stupid to open our eyes. How many of us listened to all that was said? And how many nudged each other and whispered "commie" after the first few minutes, and then shut our ears?

One of Pickering's basic ideals is tolerance. It seems out of place to entertain such ideas as those displayed last week. This is the first year of Pickering's new deal. Let's not mar it with another episode of intolerance. Believe what you want to believe and say what you want to say, but don't censure those whose beliefs are different from yours. . . .

Reprinted from the *Quaker Cracker*

Loyalty

CANADIAN LOYALTY in the past has been a force for the betterment of Canada. A citizen was considered loyal if he tried to make this a better country to live in. This is still basically so, but there is a danger that this concept will change for the worse. The danger is that loyalty will be based on the concept that it is loyal to desire to maintain Canada exactly as it is, and it will be considered disloyal to advocate any change in our political, social, or economic set-up. In

the United States, this change is taking place at the present time, and since we Canadians are so close to the Americans in thought and action, and our forms of government are so similar, it is well worth looking into this change. The new concepts of Americanism are being outlined by Congress, the president, the National Association of Manufacturers, the American Legion, a large group of daily newspapers, and many other nationally known organizations and personalities. According to this new code, loyalty is conformity. To be loyal is to repudiate all change and accept America as it is, with no room for improvement. The first to feel the effects of this were the civil servants. The government has a perfect right to purge truly disloyal employees, but as Carroll Kirkpatrick of the San Francisco Chronicle has reported, the FBI, which often has the right to judge whether or not a man is disloyal, and consequently whether or not he is qualified to hold a government job, may decide that a man is disloyal if he has "been associated with too many liberal groups", if he has been in the company of persons whose loyalty was under suspicion, if he has spoken disrespectfully of an isolationist senator, if he has testified in court on behalf of a Communist, if he has worked for a paper as radical as New York's *PM* or if he has been associated with labour unions. American citizens have actually been branded as disloyal because of one of these charges. President Truman himself ordered these so-called loyalty checks, and after the FBI has reported that a person is disloyal on any of these charges, or a more serious one, the accused often has no right to an open hearing or trial, and no right to cross-examine his accusers. He may not even be able to find out on what charges he is considered disloyal. In fact there is little he can do but resign. Once a person has been labelled disloyal, he has an extremely difficult time in finding a new position outside of government service. It is not only civil servants that have come into contact with this new code of Americanism. Congressional investigating committees have condemned many organizations as un-American and Communist fronts. Undoubtedly some of these are Communist dominated groups, but many of them, which have been fighting racial intolerance, the suppression of civil liberties and other worthy services, have been accused with little or no evidence. It is interesting to note that when Senator Rankin, who is chairman of the Un-American Activities Committee, was asked why his committee did not investigate the Ku Klux Klan, an organization noted for spreading racial and religious hatred, he answered that in his opinion the Klan was not un-American, it was American.

Unfortunately this is not the American's private concern, for the proximity of the two countries, and the tremendous influence of the United States in Canada makes it all too likely that this concept of loyalty will become part of the Canadian scene. During the famous Canadian spy scare, several Canadians citizens were accused in the report of the royal commission of being involved in

the Soviet spy ring. Of those brought to trial, almost half were acquitted. It seems that the only evidence that the department of justice could bring against them in a court of law was that they had been familiar with those who were disloyal. For some time now many daily newspapers and several national magazines have editorially and in their news columns attempted to tie together the idea of political democracy and "the Canadian way of life", with the economic system of private enterprise. This type of thinking can be quite dangerous, for if private enterprise should fail as it did in 1929, and as many economists think that it will again, it would seem to the public that since political democracy and private enterprise are one and the same thing, and since private enterprise has failed, therefore political democracy has failed, too. This is playing right into the Communists' hands, for if another depression should come, they will be the first to cry that it is time to discard the antiquated system of political democracy.

If our form of government is to survive, it must be open to criticism and be corrected when necessary. Democracy is a system of change and must not become static. To be loyal to a democratic state is to try to make that state the most effective in providing the greatest happiness for the greatest number, even if that involves radical change.

—J.T.R.

Our Advertisers

GENEROUS COOPERATION and goodwill backed by deeds have characterized, this year as never before, the response to our soliciting of advertising for *The Voyageur*. To friends of the school and Old Boys who have thus assisted in the publication of this magazine, we offer our sincere thanks. To our readers we suggest that the advertising material in this volume is most deserving of their careful attention.

The Graduating Class

WE PRESENT HERE the graduating class of this school year, those members of our matriculation classes who are leaving Pickering to begin university or business careers. To them as well as to students in lower forms who may be leaving us at this time, may we say—good-bye and best of luck!

HENRY AGUAYO—Our Mexican representative for the past three years . . . member of the first football team each year he was here . . . Senior North York basketball for two years . . . this year Senior Prep. basketball . . . member of the Blue team . . . first and second team colours . . . in athletics remembered particularly for his expert drop kicking . . . his major interests, travelling and writing.

WILLIAM AULT—A one year man from Weston . . . member of Thirty Club and Glee Club . . . first football team . . . second hockey team . . . lacrosse . . . one of baseball champs . . . Silver team . . . first colour award . . . next year Arts at Toronto and from there to Osgoode.

EDWARD BOND—At Pickering six years, now residing at Willowdale . . . member of the Dramatic Club, Music Club and Polikon Club . . . Quaker Cracker and Voyageur . . . his main interests: politics, debating, writing and music . . . an excellent debater, we predict a political future.

WILLIAM CAPES—A four-year man from Sarnia . . . member of the School Committee and the Thirty Club . . . first team football . . . captain of Senior Prep. basketball . . . champion baseball team . . . captain of the Blue team . . . first team colours . . . returning as a tutor and then to engineering.

CAMERON CLARK—At Pickering this year from Oakwood Farm, Peterborough . . . member of School Committee, final term secretary . . . senior corridor committee . . . Polikon Club . . . Glee Club . . . first football team . . . Senior Prep. basketball . . . Blue team . . . first team colours . . . coming back as tutor.

JOSEPH COHEN—A native of London, Ontario, at Pickering for six years . . . member of the Polikon Club . . . junior team football . . . Senior Prep. basketball . . . Blue team . . . second colour . . . mainly interested in the theatre and sports . . . soon to be heard broadcasting home and away games of New York Yankees.

THOMAS CROSS—This year's representative from Leamington . . . member of the Glee Club and Root of Minus One Club . . . first football team . . . senior North York basketball . . . senior intra-mural . . . his major interests music (member of town band) and engineering . . . next year electrical engineering at Queen's.

HUGH DAVIDSON—A four-year man from Montreal . . . principal in the Glee Club . . . secretary of the Music Club . . . Polikon Club . . . Dramatic Club . . . Chapel pianist . . . Widdrington award winner . . . main interest, music . . . taking a year's leave of academics, but not music, and then to McGill.

JAMES FARRELL—Two years at Pickering, from Jackson's Point . . . member of the School Committee . . . Root of Minus One Club . . . Glee Club . . .

first team football . . . first team hockey . . . lacrosse . . . captain of Farrell's baseball team . . . Silver team . . . first colours . . . next year on to R.M.C. or the University of Michigan . . . undecided as to medicine, law or the military, but in any event a Conservative.

MARVIN GOODMAN—A two-year man from Espanola . . . stage-manager of the Glee Club . . . Polikon Club . . . Dramatic Club . . . played football, basketball and tennis . . . Red team . . . second colours . . . proceeding to Dentistry at the University of Toronto, and then to northern Ontario.

DONALD JENKINS—At Pickering two years, from Lansing . . . Glee Club . . . Dramatic Club . . . Root of Minus One Club . . . second team football . . . senior North York basketball . . . lacrosse . . . Silver team . . . future unpredictable.

WILLIAM KARN—Two years here from Oshawa . . . Glee Club . . . Root of Minus One Club . . . junior football . . . Red team . . . second colour . . . entering medicine at the University of Toronto.

MICHAEL MOUNTJOY—A three-year man from New York, N.Y. . . . main spark of the Relief Committee . . . Polikon Club . . . Quaker Cracker . . . Voyageur . . . junior football . . . second team hockey . . . baseball . . . Silver team . . . next year in the merchant marine or in the employ of the U.S. government . . . eventually journalism.

IRVING NEWSON—Here one year from Hamilton . . . member of the Music Club . . . Art Club . . . junior football . . . senior North York basketball . . . Red team . . . third colours . . . next year taking pre-meds at McMaster.

MAX PAUL—At Pickering for one year from Powassan . . . member of the Glee Club . . . played junior football . . . goalkeeper for the senior hockey team . . . first team colours.

WILLIAM RAGSDALE—With us since Christmas from Toronto . . . secretary of the Thirty Club during spring term . . . considering Pharmacy at the University of Toronto . . . otherwise entering business.

DOUGLAS RAMSAY—Two years at Pickering from Regina . . . president of Senior Corridor Committee . . . principal in Glee Club . . . Root of Minus One Club . . . junior football . . . senior North York basketball . . . Blue team . . . a winner of the Widdrington award . . . plans to enter Civil Engineering at the University of Toronto.

ALAN ROGERS—A two-year man from Kingston . . . chairman of School Committee all year . . . Dramatic Club . . . Glee Club . . . Polikon Club . . . Voyageur . . . Quaker Cracker . . . first team football . . . captain of senior hockey team . . . baseball . . . Blue team . . . first colour . . . this year's holder of the Garratt Cane . . . a Widdrington award winner . . . his chief interests, writing and hockey . . . next year, a reporter in Regina followed by Queen's and journalism.

KEITH SHIER—At Pickering for three years . . . vice-chairman of School Committee . . . chairman of dance committee . . . "suckertary" of Root of Minus One Club . . . Glee Club . . . first football team . . . first hockey team . . . captain of Silver team . . . first colour . . . plans to start chartered accountant's course in Toronto office and extramurally at Queen's.

LYLE SIFTON—With us for two years from St. Thomas . . . president of Senior Corridor during fall term . . . Thirty Club . . . junior football . . . manager of Senior Hockey team . . . captain of Sifton's baseball team . . . Red team . . . first colour . . . going to Stratford to enter funeral business.

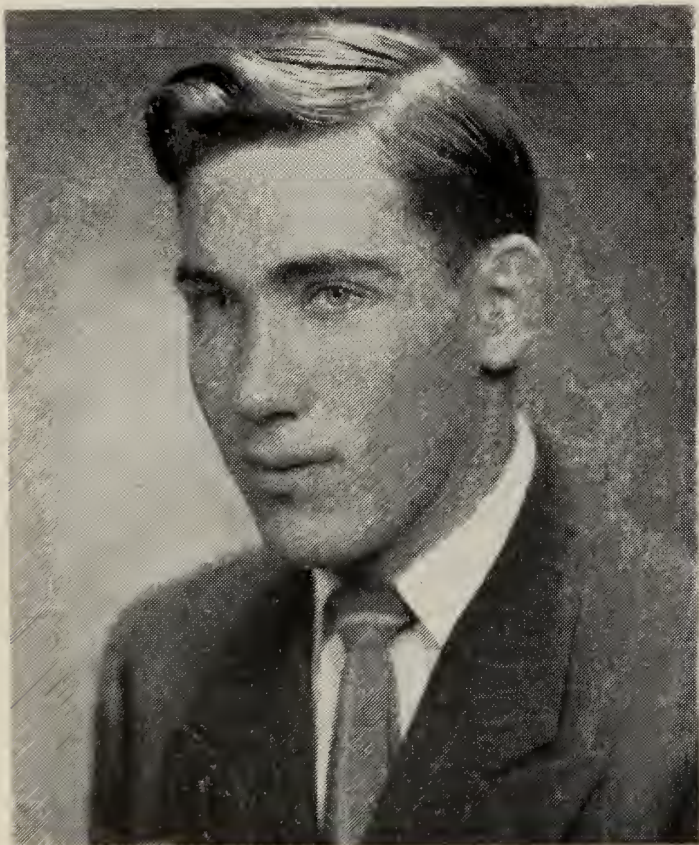
DONALD STEWART—A one-year man from Toronto . . . Root of Minus One Club . . . junior football . . . senior North York basketball . . . Red team . . . main interests, rifle shooting and woodworking . . . entering University of Toronto to take Physics and Geology . . . then to the north and mining.

CLIFF THOMSEN—At Pickering for five and a half years, now residing in Chicago . . . Root of Minus One Club . . . Silver team . . . keen interest in crafts and automotive work . . . planning to enter Engineering at North Western University.

BEN WHITNEY—One year at Pickering from Kingston . . . secretary of Senior Corridor Committee . . . treasurer of Polikon Club . . . first football team . . . Senior Prep. basketball . . . lacrosse and baseball . . . first colour . . . plans to enter Arts at Queen's.

PETER WIDDRINGTON—A seven-year veteran from Toronto . . . member of school committee . . . Polikon Club . . . first football team . . . first hockey team . . . baseball . . . Sports Day captain of Silver team . . . first colour . . . this year's holder of the Sonny McGillivray award . . . returning to Pickering as a tutor.

DONALD WILSON—Two years at Pickering from Toronto . . . Glee Club . . . Root of Minus One Club . . . junior football . . . senior North York basketball . . . baseball . . . Red team . . . second colours . . . plans to enter Commerce at Queen's.



ALAN ROGERS

School Awards

HEARTY congratulations are extended to the following students, who have been recognized for contributions of notable worth to our community life.

ALAN ROGERS—The *Garratt Cane*, presented on the vote of the graduating class to that student most representative of the ideals of the school, and the *Widdrington Award*, for outstanding service to our community life.

HUGH DAVIDSON—The *Widdrington Award*, for community service.

DOUGLAS RAMSAY—The *Widdrington Award*, for community service.

literary

*Many a man lives a burden to the Earth; but
a good book is the precious life-blood of a
master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on
purpose to a life beyond life*

*Read any books whatever come to thy hands,
for thou art sufficient both to judge aright, and
to examine each matter.*

JOHN MILTON: *Areopagitica*

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

RICKY ARNOLD — *Editor*

TED BOND

HUGH DAVIDSON

DICK LEE

PHIL ENDICOTT,

ALISTAIR MACDONALD

MIKE MOUNTJOY

MIKE PRINCE

JACK RUTHERFORD

The Creative Attempt

MAN WAS BORN to create something that is the expression of his own soul, no matter whether a blue kite floating on high or the painting of a masterpiece. Creation binds itself inexorably to happiness. The man who creates is the man who is most often happy. It is strange that in this age when life is one of material luxury and holidays are plentiful that there is yet the greatest unhappiness. I can see but one reason. We work at work we dislike, and have forgotten how to play, how to create happiness out of a few friends around the fire. We do not play, but are played to. We watch; we listen; we admire; but we do not take part. We are a spectator people, and it is for this reason that unhappiness, hollow cheer and hollow laughs, lie through our land.

This literary section has in it the creative attempts of a few students. It is a thin stream from a large and untapped reservoir. It is my hope that next year and the years following, this stream will become a broad and swelling river.

R. ARNOLD

Short Story

ENRIQUE AGUAYO

THE STREET OUTSIDE was in darkness except for a languid glimmer coming from a window in the house across from mine. It was strange, I thought, that anything should seem so dead to me on that day, for I had often seen the street, and I had never had that feeling of nausea and unrest. The street, I agreed, was morbid and depressing at all times, especially at night; nevertheless, I had never felt such a stranger to it as I did that night.

Sitting in front of my desk with no especial purpose in mind, I could feel a great heaviness pressing my mind and body, something—something indescribable, a pushing that enveloped everything to such an extent that I could not tell what it was. My mood, I thought, it is only my mood; but I knew that it wasn't my mood—it was something deeper, something stuck in my heart, in my soul, in my whole being—something that would not let go or yield, like a burn or a frustrated desire that stings and rots your brain until it decays. Suddenly I felt as if somebody was watching me. I could feel a pair of eyes looking into my mind, searching it, finding things it it that not even I was aware of. I held my breath and quickly looked about me, my eyes straining to put everything into focus. I wanted to find something devilish, to see it, to get it out of my mind, but I only saw my room with all the familiar furniture. I felt an icy perspiration crop up on my forehead and trickle down my temples. I looked up at the ceiling and stared at the light bulb. Its light was curiously waxing and waning, as if at one moment it wanted to leave and the next to come back with more strength and brightness. I looked down at my desk, and felt my head on the verge of bursting. I was going to choke. My whole body was quivering and perspiring. Then, without warning, without being commanded to do so, my right hand started groping for something on the desk. I didn't know what it was looking for, but I tried to pull it back. I couldn't. I could feel my finger tips throbbing, pulsating with excitement and longing. Quickly I looked up to the left corner of the room, just where the ceiling and the walls meet to form three angles. I didn't want to see what my hand was looking for. I was terrified and weak. My hand wrapped itself around something metallic. Then I saw the left top corner of the room converge upon me, until it was so close that I could see nothing. My hand released what it was holding and I heard a quiet thud on the rug beneath me. The queer feeling had left me, and I sat with my eyes closed, feeling a peculiar warmth running down my chest.

Intermission Conversation Piece

HUGH DAVIDSON

Not that!
But I would like some Brahms.
It should be like poetry.
It does not charm me to hear
Strident against my rather sensitive ears,
Blasting, coursing as it scrambles madly
Through the blear-filled ignorance of concert halls.
In fact, not at all
Am I pleased to hear modern music.
—these mad Russians!
Now where was it?
The other day I thought
I heard a man say
That not only their art, but also their music
Is that of a fine upstanding race,
And that American Art is backward,
Bourgeois and uncultured.
He was one of these unfortunate men who write
Anthologies
And Apologies on modern music—
Oh yes, the symphony—
No my dear,
I know that many people consider him a purist,
And though he is a great friend of yours
I really cannot bear to hear it again.
Oh, but no! I'm not a pedantic—
But stuff like that makes me sick,
You know, this . . . modern music.

This is the Day

ENRIQUE AGUAYO

YEAH, quite a day it is. A day that differs from others only in so far as we are living it. Yesterday is in the past; tomorrow is in the future. We have no conception of what tomorrow will be like, and we think we know what yesterday was like. The important thing is that we live at this moment, and living this moment we burn a little more off our life. This shall continue until our end, and our end will come with the end of the universe. Yeah, this is the day, the hour, the minute, the second that palpitates by without halting, without faltering, always forward, and never past or future, but present always.

An Address Given in Chapel May the Ninth, 1948

GEORGE McCOWAN

TONIGHT is the ninth of May, 1948. This date is significant for me for two reasons, both of which may seem to you a little far fetched, but which, in the press of trying to think of something to say to you, came to my mind rather readily.

The first of these is simply this—that in approximately one month, many of you will be leaving this school to go into the world, after spending anywhere from one, to six or seven years here. The life here has, I think, been comfortable. It has also been secure, as well as very highly organized within the school. There is in this organization and security, I think, a tendency for the life to become self-centred, and to be lived more and more only in terms of the school itself. There is a tendency to ignore the world outside, and to forget that it is not a particularly secure or comfortable or organized place, and to concentrate most of our attentions on being super-critical of every aspect of the institution in which we live, forgetting what a privileged existence it really is. We tend to be unconscious of the town here, except insofar as its main street serves our needs. We are unaware of most of its people, and the way in which they live.

Now, there are attempts made in this school to keep us conscious of the external world, through chapel, and guest speakers, and so on; and these things have some results, such as the relief meal program. We do too, sometimes leave our semi-hothouse existence, and make brief sorties into the real world, but I think these tend too often to lose their analytical value, because the world is seen more through the eyes of a group of the boys out for a big time at the Palais, than through a clear, critical vision. The picture which we get, then, of the real world, is distorted. We don't see it as it really is.

At any rate, my point is that though some attempts are made to remedy it, we do remain reasonably unaware of the world outside this school, and what its nature really is . . . Yet many of us are going into this real world, and very soon. What sort of things can we expect to find, then, and how will they affect us?

I mentioned in beginning that this date May ninth has two significances for me, the first of which I've already talked about. The second significance is this—that it was just about three years ago today that much of the world celebrated the end of the war in Europe. This was a war which, if we can believe the posters and the catchwords and the Atlantic Charter, was fought for equality, world peace, lasting peace, freedom from want, freedom from fear and so on.

Yet the first thing we must notice about the world today is that few of these things seem to exist. Indeed they look as far away as ever. The second thing is that it seems very doubtful that the nations of the world really want any of these things for which they were supposed to have fought—certainly I find it very difficult to believe that any of them want these things badly enough to sacrifice one iota of their self-interest for them. Indeed, the pattern which is forming day by day now, would seem to differ very little from the pattern which followed the first world war. If this is true, we can reasonably assume that in a matter of some months or years, we shall have another war on our hands.

To me this is a rather terrifying thought. I am not particularly concerned by the fact that the atom bomb would be used in this war and that it is extremely destructive. Indeed, I believe that if the human race can allow another war now, then it is high time for the race to exterminate itself, and not much will be lost. But the idea that another war can even be contemplated so soon, and more, that there is ultimately so little to choose between the opposing forces in that war, is, to me, quite terrible . . . However, this is the kind of world into which we are going—ruled by mutual mistrust, hatreds, and jealousies, all of which are rather petty. Why is it, though, that this should be? Why should this be the kind of society which, aware of it or unaware of it, we have inherited?

To answer this question I think we must look for a moment at the moral state of our society. Let's examine briefly this morality, or the lack of it. I'm not asking you to consider the trifling, so-called moral issues of the number of illegitimate children born in a given year, or the excessive amount of liquor consumed last month. These things are simply results, I think, of something far greater, of one fundamental moral lack in our society—a lack of what I will call, for want of a better name, generosity or love, or if you like, of an overabundance of selfishness.

Almost since society's inception, man has concerned himself with getting power for himself. At one time, this power was measured by the number of cattle he possessed, later by the amount of land he owned, and for the last two hundred years, power has been synonymous with money, and man has been primarily concerned with getting more and more money. This is, of course, essentially a ruthless business which leads finally to the 'every man for himself' and the 'survival of the fittest' attitudes, not to mention starvation, greed, exploitation. In other words it creates a selfish society in which most men spend most of their time in thinking solely of themselves, and in trying to acquire for themselves more and more money and more and more things. Money, then, has become the main motivating feature of society, the thing without which nothing can be done and the measuring rod of success and failure. It has, in

reality, in a society which staunchly affirms that it is a Christian society, replaced religion, and money has become man's God.

As well as being ruthless, the pursuit of wealth is also a thing which allows no time for love of anything other than wealth. And this is the worst feature of it. It makes of men hollow shells who can appreciate nothing. They can have no love of beauty, art, ideas, culture, and most important of all, their fellow man, because the business of making money becomes and must become so all-engrossing. I realize that all these things which I have just mentioned are abstract terms which regularly get the hell kicked out of them, but despite their abstract quality, they are, I think, things without which no one can have a life with any meaning. The man who looks at a sunset, and feels no thrill or sense of awe or humbleness, but sees it merely as a large blob, all of the colour of gold pieces, has little, I maintain, which makes his life worthwhile. Yet men whose lives are solely concerned with the acquisition of things, almost of necessity have no time to regard a sunset or a piece of music or a work of art as anything else, if indeed they have time to regard them at all. There may be exceptions but they are few and far between.

The point I am trying to make is this—that the main concern of man today is getting things for himself, and that this is essentially a selfish individual business which rules out most of the things that are fine on the planet. This in turn means that a whole selfish society is created in which each man watches out only for his own interests, no matter who is hurt in the process. In such a society it is, of course, inevitable that all kinds of conflicts arise between men, and translated to an international scale, these result in major wars

This then, is the kind of world into which we are going—a selfish world, hanging because of its very nature, always on the verge of war, in which we must look out for ourselves from the word 'go' or get trampled. Now this is not the sort of conditioning which we have had in this school. Here, we help each other to a fair extent. If you're out of a cigarette and someone else has lots, you expect him to give you one, or he's a *shmoe*, and he usually comes through, I think. And this is the major pattern of life in this school. You have had, all in all, with varying degrees of success, a fair training in helping the other 'guy' out. You have sat in these seats for some twenty odd chapels at least, and read off glowing phrases like 'transmitting this city better than it was transmitted', or 'the good life shared by all', or 'the second mile', or 'finding our welfare in the general good', and so on. And now you're going into the world. I wonder how much some of these things will mean to you after a few years in the world. I wonder how many of you will still be concerned with going that second mile or sharing the good life. I also wonder how many of you will simply, as soon as you leave the school, slip into the selfish way of society, and rush into the rat-race for the big pot of gold: and then, once every couple of years, sitting

comfortably somewhere, think back for a moment to 'the common good', and derive some satisfaction from knowing the soothing words. I hope there won't be many in this last category

Quite a few years ago now, there was a guy wandering around the Mediterranean shores, telling people for God's sake to smarten up and realize that when, (by following graven images), they denied themselves the love of their fellow man and what he called the life of the spirit, which you can take to mean whatever you like, they were throwing away the only things that made the business of living at all worth while, the only things that raised it from a stupid routine of being born, then suffering, and finally dying, to something glorious and triumphant. His name was Jesus of Nazareth, and most people thought He was crazy. Finally they nailed Him up on a cross because they got a little afraid that if they let Him talk long enough everyone would start taking Him seriously. If He were on earth today I think He'd say just about the same things now as He did then. I don't think He'd admit that we've made much progress in His particular field. Probably the same thing would happen to Him as did then, and He'd be hung, electrocuted or put in a straightjacket as a radical or a nut.

It's my contention here tonight, however, that it's about time we realized He had something, and took His advice and acted on it.

Those of us going into the world now have a great opportunity to do just that, at the same time using the conditioning of this school. We can refuse to accept the rules of a selfish society, and fight to find better ones. We can decide to stay out of the rat-race, and to put whatever energies we save thereby, and they will be considerable, into the much finer pursuit of whatever is beautiful, whatever is true, whatever is honest, in the universe. We can decide to wipe selfishness out of our lives and dedicate ourselves to helping others. We can resolve that by doing these things with many others, we can put an end to war, and greed, and starvation, and injustice. We can, in other words, make up our minds to follow in the tradition of man's few moments when he was at his best Perhaps the desire for power in man is an inescapable fact, but surely it's about time to at least give it a twist, and exchange the power of money for the power of knowledge, truth, and ideas.

Going into the world now, we have an opportunity to do these things. It isn't, however, quite as simple as saying it. It means relearning a great deal, and sacrificing a great deal, and working a great deal. It means being looked on with ridicule and being treated with disrespect. In the end, however, it is well worth it, and the end will be achieved when there are enough people of this sort. It is in such people, living such lives, that the only hope for a rather hopeless world can be found. I hope that there are some of these before me tonight

I Remember

PHIL ENDICOTT

IT WAS A calm Sunday in May when a tragedy that had occurred many times over the wartime capital of China, occurred so near to our house that I remember it still.

The day had dawned without a sign of a cloud in the sky. My two brothers, my sister, two Chinese boys who were living with us, and myself, had spent the morning playing in our rather large backyard.

Lunch began with the usual amount of chattering, but all at once we fell silent and listened with pounding hearts. Away in the distance to the east of us stood Chungking proper, and it was from that direction that we heard the sound which was the cause of our fear—the dismal wail of the air-raid sirens, telling the world that the Japanese bombers were on their way. What were we to do now? Some were ready to run for our air-raid shelter which was a hole blasted in the side of the small hill behind our house. Others were hungry, and were unwilling to abandon the meal until they heard the planes. We agreed upon the latter course, and settled back to finish our meal. How much time elapsed before we heard the second siren I do not know, but it could not have been more than a few minutes. We had just begun to eat when the first siren was heard, and we had not finished our first course when we heard the second. The wail of the siren had barely died away when the dull roar of the bombers was heard. As the roar became louder, we picked up our plates and walked down to our little shelter.

It was not long before the Japanese planes were directly over our heads. Then the incident occurred. They encountered a group of Chinese fighters and proceeded to fight it out with them. Nothing to me can be worse than sitting in a small shelter dug in the side of a hill while two groups of planes fight for supremacy of the air directly above you. Every few minutes a plane would become too shattered to stay in the air and would start to dive towards the earth with a whistling sound that changed to an almost human scream, then rose to a shriek as the plane neared the earth. Then came the sudden exploding crash as the plane hit the ground.

The fight lasted for only two or three minutes, but the sounds of the struggle (which we could not see) were frightening. I was so terrified that I could not finish my meal, but just sat in one corner, shaking all over, and listening to the explosions coming from above. The Japs eventually got their way and bombed the city without further attempts by Chinese fighters to stop them.

After it was all over, an hour or so from the time the first siren had sounded, we stood on our porch and watched the city burn. We knew there was nothing we could do, so we went inside to finish our interrupted meal. And yet we knew that even while we were eating, Chinese who had fled to the country during the raid were once more returning to the city, to a house which by this time was nothing but a pile of smoking rubble. We knew that these people would rake away the debris, and build again, with mud, wood, and straw, beside the holes which had once been their homes.

If You Wish Peace . . . Prepare for War

EDWARD BOND

THE ANCIENT ARGUMENT that we should make sure of peace by preparing for war is to me one of the most ridiculous that has ever been seriously put forward. The supporters of the argument claim that by building up a strong armed force we are more secure, and that by building up our military might, we frighten other nations into subservience, and put ourselves in such a position that no nation will dare attack us.

This, of course, is sheer nonsense. Theories of balance of power, and others involving the use of force, have been proven wrong through the ages. A show of strength, or any attempt at intimidation, can only arouse resentment and bitterness.

It is impossible to keep a preparation for war secret, and therefore the possibility of real friendly relations is cast aside. The most important step toward peace then, good-will, is ruled out. Rather than frighten the proposed enemy into subservience, a preparation for war will arouse bitterness and fear, and cause that country herself to 'prepare for war'. When two countries are furiously preparing for war against each other, a real war is inevitable.

Building up a strong armed force necessitates recruiting, and recruiting necessitates advertising. This advertising must instil a desire for enlistment, and indirectly, a desire for war. At the same time, the fact that the country is preparing for war will inevitably alarm the people into thinking that a war is likely to come. In order to get the people to support this preparation for war, the government must circulate everything evil about the proposed enemy, and as little good as possible. This has the inevitable effect of making the people desire a war, to subdue their 'enemy', or in any case makes them bitter against a power with whom it is possible to carry on friendly relations. A vicious circle is set up here, for when the 'enemy' sees her alleged ally preparing for or speculating about war against her, she will take steps to ensure her own safety. These moves will be reported in the press, and made to appear as black, as evil, and as unprovoked as possible. This will arouse more resentment, more war-talk, more armament, or, in other words, a move toward war. The other state will take further steps to protect herself, and so on. We can see this going on today, on both sides of the ideological barrier.

What is the alternative? Good-will. It will be said: "We did not prepare for war in 1939 and look what happened." In 1939 we were dealing with a fascist state whose avowed purpose was to rule the world by force. Today it is a country whose hopes and aspirations, whose ultimate goal is the same as our own—pure democracy and the greatest happiness for the greatest number. Guarantee to Russia, by good-will, security on the international plane, the reasons for present day 'Russian aggression' will be removed, and we will have taken a great stride toward real and lasting world peace.

If You Wish Peace . . . Prepare for War

JAMES FARRELL

WORLD WAR THREE is a topic which is looked upon as ridiculous by the majority in our society. However, to those men who make war their profession it is regarded as a very serious possibility. The professional soldier, a phrase which I am afraid has a bad connotation, although he is in a class with police and fire divisions, is not paid to regard war as a bad dream and forget it as quickly as possible. He is paid to examine all aspects of the situation and draw from them conclusions. If these conclusions point to impending war, he is the one to whom we must turn for advice.

At the present time, our military leaders, all professional soldiers, feel that the possibilities of war are great. The problems of how to avert war lie with the politicians, but they must turn again to the professional soldier for advice. For centuries past the general opinion among these soldiers is that "to prevent war, you must prepare for it." Although this statement in some ways contradicts itself, it is sound. Field Marshal von Rundstedt, probably the world's greatest living general, said it, and he was backed by all members of the once great German General Staff who, despite their fanatical beliefs, were good soldiers. Recently General D. D. Eisenhower was called to give his views on the matter. He firmly called upon the United States Congress to put through the Draft and the Universal Military Training Bills. Can such men who have been so close to war be wrong? Should we trust men who have never seen the horrors of battles to make decisions as to whether or not preparing for war is the best way to prevent it?

With reference to everyday affairs, can soft talk and compromise stop the bully? Certainly not, for a bully is only stopped when he is confronted with the same punishment he has given to others. Would the average gangster who robs and kills be willing to fight a duel with another man who also has a gun in his hand? I think not, for a gun is the great equalizer. A man, no matter what his size or physical abilities, can be killed by one bullet from a gun held even by an infant.

The only way to prevent war is to show the other country that we can match his army, man for man, gun for gun, plane for plane, ship for ship, and heart for heart. This must be done if we desire to live in a society where our minds can be free from that great weakness, fear.

The Wanderer

ALISTAIR MACDONALD

Over the hills and far away,
Across deep valleys and past the bay,
Through the mist of the bright, new day,
I must go on.

Tracking great woods, green, dark and high,
Spanning wide plains where wind rushes by,
Beyond the line where they meet the sky,
Horizons call.

Over black mountains capped with snow,
The distance calls and the West Wind low
Sighs of a yearning that some must know—
The Wanderlust.

Rhea and the City

HUGH DAVIDSON

ONCE UPON A TIME, away in the deep woods that border on the edges of Nowhere, lived a little girl and her aged but hardworking grandmother.

One day Rhea said to her grandmother: "Granny dear, now that my mother and father are dead—and I am getting to be a big girl, don't you think it is time for me to go out into the world and seek my fortune?"

(Of course, in those days, it was not the custom for girls of Rhea's age, or of any age for that matter, to go out into the world and seek their fortunes. But Rhea didn't know that, and, anyway, early that morning she had seen the young prince of the realm go riding by, and falling in love with him at once, she decided to marry him.)

"Granny dear, don't you think it's time for me to leave home and seek my fortune?"

Now the grandmother, who was a rather deaf old woman, thought that Rhea had said 'wasn't it time to buy some new books by St. Francis di Silone'; and of course, said "Yes"—and immediately bustled off to the book-seller's to order some. Rhea, while she was gone, busily packed her clothes and some food in a brown paper bag and set off into the big wide world.

She walked and she walked—and soon all her food was gone. But now in front of her loomed the gates of The Big City. Rhea, not knowing city ways,

went up to one of the guards and asked to be admitted—saying (as all big girls in fairy tales say) that she had come to marry the prince.

“Oh!” said the guard; “I can admit you to The Big City, but, I am afraid you can’t marry the prince. You see, he, his father, and all his father’s court have been banished for being too voluptuous; there, if you look over by the west gate, you can see them going.”

Rhea looked over by the west gate, and sure enough—there, with their crowns still on their heads, and their scepters in their hands, went the king, the prince, and all the banished court, looking very voluptuous indeed. However, in spite of her wish to marry the prince, she realized that her duty to seek her fortune must come first, so she decided to enter the city.

“Please, Mr. Guard,” she said, “open the gate.”

“Of course,” said the guard.

The great bronze gates swung open, disclosing a huge crowd, milling this way and that way, all shrieking at the tops of their voices. Rhea was very frightened, but of course, not knowing the ways of The Big City, she decided to ask some person what to do. So she touched one kindly old man by the sleeve.

“What is causing all the uproar?” she asked timidly, “and - - -”

But before she could say anything more, the old gentleman replied: “You see, my dear, as the king and all his voluptuous court have been banished from The Big City, we are now trying to find the ‘ideal form of government’. One of our citizens thought of a brilliant idea. He thought that everyone should give his own idea on how the city should be run—and have a board of judges select the best. Over there is the platform, and if you line up, you may give *your* concept of government.”

But Rhea was already in the line and found herself being pushed slowly towards the platform, from where she could hear Large, Small, Fat, Thin, Young, and Old—all haranguing the judges and mob about their concepts of government. From what she could make out, the general ideas were, more holidays, higher incomes, and lower prices. The judges were fast asleep, but their snoring was drowned by the mob’s bellowing their approval or disapproval.

Soon it would be Rhea’s turn, for there were only two men in front of her—a Very Fat Man and an Extremely Thin Man. Rhea listened closely to what they said.

The Very Fat Man spoke at great length, to the effect that all the Thin Men should work and all the Fat Men should live in Luxury. All the Fat Men in the mob cheered lustily and most of the judges opened one eye. The Extremely

Thin Man frothed at the mouth and shrieked in short accents that he thought that all the Fat Men should work and all the Thin Men should live in Luxury. All the Thin Men in the mob cheered madly and most of the judges opened the other eye and sat up.

Now it was Rhea's turn. The mob calmed down and the judges listened expectantly as she spoke.

"I think the Very Fat Man and the Extremely Thin Man have arguments—*BUT*—why doesn't everybody work?"

At this the mob screamed its approval and after thirty seconds deliberation, the judges not only accepted Rhea's motion, but unanimously elected her head of the New-Government-In-Which-Everyone-Works. Everybody immediately began working.

However, that night, The Very Fat Man, disguised as The Extremely Thin Man, crept into the palace when Rhea was asleep and assassinated her. Immediately confusion broke out, with all the Fat Men slaying all the Thin Men (and vice-versa)—and by the week-end there was not a single person in The Big City left alive.

Moral:

Little girls shouldn't meddle in politics.

Incident Off Punta Baja

MICHAEL MOUNTJOY

Two hundred miles south of the American border, where the finger of Punta Baja thrusts out into the Pacific, the coast of Lower California drops suddenly and steeply down to where the rocks are red and wet, and the long combers that roll four thousand miles across the blue Pacific smash in columns of white and subside in puddles of bubbly foam and froth among the rocks. And all along that desolate and barren coast, the only sounds are the ceaseless rush of the wind and the crash of the surf and the cries of the effortless white gulls endlessly cruising the air currents thrown up from the backs of the cresting waves and the high wind-scoured rocks. Sometimes a little desert fox comes and stands with wind-whipped tail and quivering nose, and regards the alien blue horizon, or trots along a sliver of sand among the rocks, nimbly avoiding the rush and spent backwash of the sea. A moment after he passes, the sea destroys his delicate footprints.

And under the sea in a green half-light world, ten thousand creatures lead fierce and unthinking lives among the pinnacles and chasms of the creamy coral, and the unending motion of the sea makes the sea jungle, the beds of

purple and red sponge, and the oozy inky kelp oscillate for ever and without rest. Here live the squid and sea bass and grouper, and an occasional venture-some chalk-bellied shark, turning in the shafts of ocean-filtered sunlight, sends them darting.

Sometimes the fog rolls in and binds the whole coast in gray and stills the beat of the surf and the tolling of the black bell buoy moored off the point.

Down that coast and through such a fog the ship came, feeling her way close in and looking for the black bell-buoy. An old ship, her schooner hull still graceful but her masts cut off short, she easily rode over and down the languid swells, her muttering Diesel barely giving her way.

In her bows, crouching, his elbows on his knees, and staring at his folded hands, was the lookout. His hair held droplets of water and his shirt and pants hung damp about his folded body. Once in a while he would raise his head and gaze into the fog, straining for the loom of the land, and then would turn his head sideways listening for the tolling of the black bell buoy.

In the wheelhouse was the helmsman, his feet wide apart, leaning forward with his weight on the spokes of the wheel. He swayed gently with the even roll of the ship and looked forward at the wet deck, the black wet canvas that covered the hatches, and he quickly studied the symmetrical arcs the tip of the ship's foremast cut in the fog. Then he glanced at the compass, shifted his weight back and gave the wheel a half a turn, let it go and when it had spun back to its original position, again settled his hands on the spokes. He leaned forward, his eyes rose and fixed themselves on the curved back of the lookout foreward in the bow. He listened for the melancholy sound of the bell buoy.

On the wing of the bridge the mate leaned his elbows on the cracked and blistered paint of the rail. His ears, tuned for the distant note of the bell buoy, heard only the sound of the water close overside and the myriad creakings of the ship's timbers, waxing and waning with the vessel's measured roll and the mutter of the Diesel.

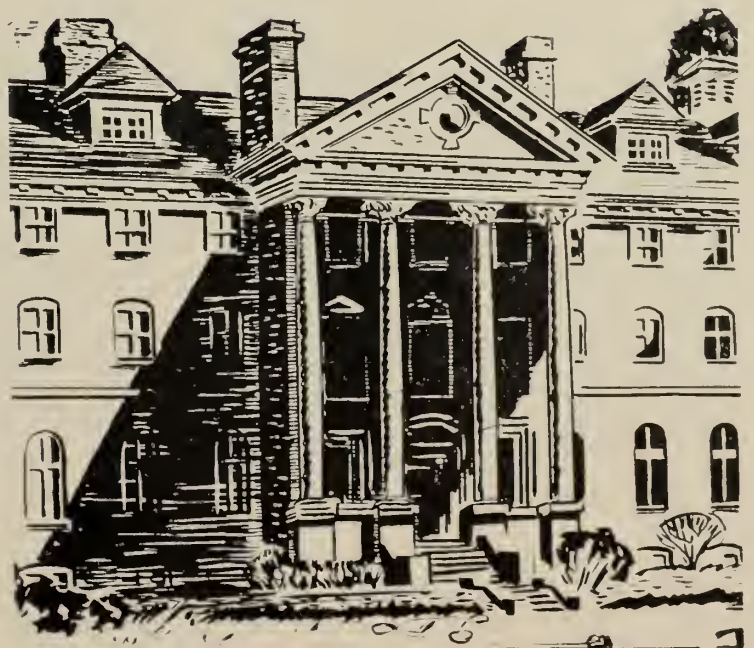
The stowaway sat on the high sill of the cabin door, his knees drawn up under his chin. He looked out at the fog through the bars of the rail, at the patches of foam sliding easily past, and at the indefinable point where the gray fog and gray sea merged.

The Captain sat behind the stowaway, in the cabin, and looked at the lad's back. He took a can of snuff from his pocket, where it had worn a round white ring in the blue cloth, and put a pinch under his lip. Then he put the can back. He listened for the melancholy note of the black bell buoy. When he heard it he asked the boy, as if the sound had been a signal, "Can you swim?"- The

boy turned. "Sure." Then the Captain called the mate and when he came the two stood over the boy until the black bell buoy came in sight, heaving its round black bulk farther out of the water to reveal the dark brown dripping barnacles and turning slightly so the three could see the large white number—8—painted on the side of the buoy. The bell clanged dismally and the Captain and the mate held the boy against the rail and one of them stooped and pulled the boy's shoes off and then they picked him up and threw him far out over the rail. When the boy came up in a puddle of foam the captain pointed out into the fog and shouted, "Swim, kid, it's only a couple of hundred yards," for the captain thought he could see the loom of the land and hear the mutter of the surf. The boy wiped the wet hair from his eyes and laughed and shook his fist and shouted back, "Well, thanks for the lift, you old bastard." And then the captain and the mate saw the last of him, as he turned in the water and struck out toward land, past the black bell buoy. The ship swung away, her Diesel picked up, and the fog closed in on her writhing wake.

Five hours later the ship lay anchored in the slanting afternoon sunshine a mile from the fish cannery of Frank Tsuomoto, waiting for the boat to come out. The captain sat in the cabin, waiting . . . his head swung abruptly, for he had heard a sound,—the melancholy note of a buoy. He heard it again and went out on deck and saw a black bellbuoy moving with ease and ponderous grace past the side of his anchored ship. And then the buoy heaved part of its bulk farther out of the sea to reveal dripping barnacles and then with a quirk of the current rotated and the captain saw with narrowed and horror-filled eyes the large white number—8.

activities



ACTIVITIES

ALAN ROGERS—*Editor*

MARCEL HARVEY

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MIKE MOUNTJOY

-

HUGH DAVIDSON

The Challenge Remains

THE IDEAL school news editorial would contain a review and analysis of the events and activities of the year. We would like to get away from this convention, and instead offer our congratulations and make a plea for continued enthusiasm in the years to come.

The challenge of the twenty-first year was a great one. We were starting off afresh with a new and untried headmaster. We had a larger student body than ever before. In spite of these seemingly difficult obstacles to a successful year, the Pickering community of 1948 rose to the challenge and once more proved that our system is not and never will be dependent on one man.

If the account of school events does nothing else it will show the all-consuming vigour and aggressiveness of the student body which made this year such a memorable one.

It would be nothing short of criminal to neglect mention of the staff. This year staff co-operation was at its height. The harmony between teacher and student was remarkable. To the staff must go a large part of the credit for instilling in the students the ambition and aggressiveness which so characterized the year.

Our one hope for the years to come is that this spirit of wanting to achieve will never wane. For this spirit is a part of Pickering. If this spirit dies the foundations on which our system is based will crumble.

The challenge remains. Live up to it.

School Committee

MEMBERS OF THE SCHOOL COMMITTEE are elected representatives through whom the students may voice their opinions on matters pertaining to their interests and welfare. An election is held at the beginning of each term to select the committee for the ensuing weeks. These representatives are responsible for the organization and supervision of all major school functions, such as the Rugby Dance and At-Home, Visitors' Day, and Sports Day, as well as many other school activities. Membership on the committee is not only an honour, but a real responsibility.

The work of this year's committee, from the adoption of a German school to the instigation of inter-school dances, was handled by Alan Rogers, chairman; Keith Shier, Bill Capes, Jim Farrell, Pete Widdrington, Ian Wilson, Rick Arnold and Cam Clark. Mr. Beer was the staff advisor until Christmas, when Mr. Stewart succeeded him.

This committee, which was elected at the beginning of the year, did such an efficient job, and enjoyed the confidence and the respect of their fellow-students to such a high degree, that they continued in office throughout the year.

Congratulations to eight student-body representatives whose conscientious work will long be remembered at Pickering College.



Back Row: MR. ROURKE (Headmaster), IAN WILSON, MR. STEWART (Staff), PETER WIDDRINGTON, BILL CAPES, MR. BEER (Staff).

Front Row: RICKY ARNOLD, KEITH SHIER, ALLAN ROGERS (Chairman), CAM CLARK, JAMES FARRELL.

Football Dance

AND IT CAME TO PASS in the land of Pick in the month of Oct., that all noble warriors of the game of foot held forth in cave of Assem. And the cave of Assem. was decked with colours of Oct., and many of the weak ones were present.

And Coco of Pepsi and his lady stood at entrance of cave and made welcome to warriors and their weak ones. Also at cave entrance were Keith of Shier and Steam of Roller with their beasts. And many hands were pumped.

At one end of cave of Assem. was Red of Heron and his be-boppers. And much music was made. The Red one had a truly great group. And the cave of Assem. was crowded with warriors.

And it came to pass that beverage was served in corner by Arch, son of Fat, and a toast was drunk to Linamenta, goddess of game of foot.

And Dunc of Cam was M. of C. while his weak one watched from corner of cave.

And when carouse and hubbub was ended, warriors and weak ones retired to cave of Wo where victuals were sought.

And it came to pass that many warriors and their weak ones trekked over path to cave of Firth. And many warriors wearily drove their chariots to cave of Toronto.

Rugby Banquet

AS UNFAILINGLY as students turn into dervishes at the end of the year so does the editor of the mag turn into something that looks as if it had unfortunately recovered its lost week-end. It was a haggard and bedraggled, woe-begone and weary spectacle that stood in the corridor as I came swinging along with the load of a school year lifted from my shoulders. When he saw me his appearance underwent a sinister change: a straightening of shoulders, a throw back of the head and a saccharine smile. "Sir," figuratively throwing an arm around my shoulders, and a voice all honey and dripping, "You are just the man I have been looking for. Knowing your keen interest in football, and your literary skill, my board and I unanimously agreed that you were the only person that could effectively do a write-up of the Football Dinner." My first thought of escape was swept away as he continued, "Since you were there,—I saw you—it will make the write-up that much more effective; about 200 words, including introduction, a little colour, a little information, you know the sort of thing, and could I have that tomorrow? Thanks a lot sir, we know you'll come through. Cheero!"

There you are, Mr. Editor, and a little extra, plus this comment thrown in.

Oh! you want a fact or two! that's odd, but as an Editor you are still young and no doubt will learn; however:—

The five teams sat at five long tables headed by their coaches, and graciously waited on by the non-participants. Bobby Coulter, coach of the Varsity Blues, after having been introduced by Don Graham, well known coach, spoke about football in particular and sportsmanship in general; the coaches were presented with mementos from their teams, and the whole evening was followed with movies and the coaches' comments on three of Varsity's games of that fall. A thoroughly enjoyable evening.

Parents' Day

THE ONE DAY in which Pickering is not Pickering during the school year, was this year, in the opinion of at least two members of the staff, and still more of the students, one of the most successful we have had. The ushers ushered beautifully, the guides guided and the car-parkers car-parked better than ever before. The parents and visitors did not manage to conceal their lack of interest completely, but they did better than they have in former years. The crowning glory of the day (with the possible exception of the Dramatic club production which will be discussed elsewhere) was the Camera club exhibit. The English room was filled with lush exhibits and booths showing everything about photography with beautiful, graphic, three-dimensional illustrations. It is unfortunate that more people aren't interested in photography. The lesser exhibits were still on a high standard. Hugh Davidson fixed up a beautiful music exhibit which more people should have looked at. The science exhibit was very interesting to "Big Dick" Mather, who obviously spent a great deal of time with it. Here the visitors spent most of their time. Whether it was because of fascination with the miracles of chemistry and physics or the personal fascination of "Big Dick", no one will ever know. Finally there is the Press club and the maths exhibit, to say nothing of the crafts. I can say nothing of the crafts and maths exhibit, as I found myself, at the end of the day, not having visited them. I can say, however, that if they were up to the level of the rest, which I hear they were, they certainly were first-chop. The basketball team put on an amazing display of skill for those who were interested, and Thomsen and Harrison cursed roundly into the P.A. system, attracting large crowds all by themselves.

Dramatic Club

IN OPENING THIS ARTICLE, I must, at the request of the director, point out that two of three one act plays presented by our club this year, are currently playing at City Center in New York. Herewith, then, a tribute to our director's selection.

The three plays used were: *Spreading the News* by Lady Gregory, and two others taken from Eugene O'Neill's *S. S. Glencairn—In the Zone*, and



The cast of *Bound East for Cardiff*: MARCEL HARVEY, JIM BOX, MAX PAUL, JOHN HOWELL, BARRY WALLMAN, DAVID KINSEY, IKE LANIER, RICKY ARNOLD, AL ROGERS, JACK RUTHERFORD, DON JENKINS, DAVE WILLET.

Bound East for Cardiff. Before going any further, I should point out that while this article will probably contain all the personal prejudices found necessarily in almost any review but the finest, it will also be greatly coloured by the five months which have elapsed between the presentation of the plays and this writing. Hence anything I may say is dependent solely on a rather shaky memory—for this I apologize.

The first play presented was *Spreading the News*. I do think that this is a play which comes off rather better in the reading of it, than in seeing it on the stage. It labours at some length the rather simple point of the facility with which unfounded rumours can be spread, a point which can be grasped quite well enough in a quick reading. The cast, however, did a very creditable job. They performed quite smoothly, and got the bits of humour across to their audience easily. In the matter of the Irish accents which the play requires, they were, perhaps, with one or two notable exceptions, a trifle short. These exceptions were Marjorie Bailey, in the role of Mrs. Fallon, who developed a perfect accent for the part, and Ted Bond, as the old apple-woman. Ted's performance was very fine, a good effort throughout. The rest of the cast were quite adequate for the show, and backed by Fred Hagan's magnificent sets, which were one of the highlights of the evening, produced out of this play a rather agreeable impression.

I think, however, that the O'Neill plays were much better, because they are better written. While they probably do not represent the best of O'Neill, they do provide a fair amount of scope with which to work. Hagan's sets again were

extremely fine, and the lighting and sound effects, which were of considerable importance to the success of this production, were handled very well. The cast dealt with these plays, which are in places quite difficult and require a high degree of feeling and emotion, in excellent fashion. There were a few weak spots in some of the minor characters, but these did not seriously impair the production. There was, as there is in all high school level productions, the difficulty of having older adolescents playing the parts of mature men, but this seemed not to bother most of the audience. There were in these plays one or two noteworthy moments which should be mentioned. The first of these is the suspense which was created just after the opening curtain of *In the Zone*, without the aid of dialogue, when the crew suspect Smitty of being a spy. The other is the death-bed performance turned in by Al Rogers as Yank, and Ricky Arnold as Driscoll. Though Al tended to be slightly inaudible, both turned in fine efforts here to make for a very moving scene.

Altogether, the evening was highly successful, and I think that everyone who witnessed the productions will join me in congratulating Mr. Stewart and his cast on an excellent job.

The Xmas Xit

THE XMAS XIT is the time for a great feast at Pickering, rich in the tradition of the season and the school. But we had a peculiar quirk this year. No, we did have Santa. In fact, an A.F. of L. impostor—a rather broad Scot—dropped in by mistake en route to St. Andrew's, which Santa II cared little for, it seemed. So Santa 1 (the genuine 1, I assure you) had some moral support, and both did a very fine job. Maybe this will become a traditional quirk. What do you think?!

Anyway, the parade of the cooks and helps received an ovation, and was very picturesque in the jovial Christmas spirit. The gifts-giving was next—complete with personal “digs” and congeniality. Headmaster “Bob”, full of Queen's, received a case of his infamous Pepsi. There was also cocoa for Ko-Ko. And for Barney “The Hedge” Jackson came a toy rake. Our little Frenchman, Marcel, was given a set of blocks to keep his p's and h's straight. Our Greek “Panyos”, noted for his love of olive oil, had a gallon of motor oil as a reasonable substitute. Sports fan and “radio commentator” Joe Cohen got a toy microphone. “Shark” Azar had a deed to a booth in Deane's restaurant. Conservative Jim Farrell was presented with a picture of his hero, Stalin. Ted “Red” Bond of *his*, Mr. Drew. And so the fun went.

— A memorable occasion.

The Annual "At-Home"

THE BIG SOCIAL EVENT of the season took place on Friday, February 27, when Pickering College held its annual At-Home. One of the largest crowds ever to attend one of these functions was on hand to share in the festivities. The musical end of the program was superbly handled by Bud Cahoon and his eight men of rhythm who had just completed a long stand at the Roxy. The decorations were unique, original, and compared favourably with anything ever witnessed before. The Grecian theme was stressed, and the hall was done in the traditional Pickering dance colours, blue and white. The reception line was small and efficient, and its task was completed in a matter of minutes. It is not often that Pickering is honoured by the presence of Frank Sinatra, and this evening proved to be no exception. However, one celebrity did turn up in the person of Cleopatra, accompanied by Julius Lee.

An appetizing dinner was served previous to the dance by a staff of well-trained waiters. A bad storm which developed near the end of the evening marred the occasion for a few who had to make last minute decisions to stay overnight. Mr. McClure, the master-on-duty, who had spent a very busy evening up and down the corridors, temporarily forgot about Firth House, and billeted several of the young ladies in the main school. As a result of this brilliant bit of genius, several amusing incidents occurred. However, the dance was widely acclaimed as being one of the best in Pickering's history.

The Glee Club

EVERY Tuesday and Thursday afternoon during the fall term, a small group of would-be tonsorial artists would gather in the prep dining-room to exercise their vocal chords, to the dismay of those in study period.

What grew from this gallant group was a very commendable performance of the "Mikado."

On the outside, this club appeared much like any other club in the school, but underneath the club was much different.

A lot of hard, diligent work, mixed with some play constituted the "behind-the-scenes" activity of the club. As March drew closer, activity livened and work became harder. But play was mixed liberally with this hard work. After several particularly strenuous evenings of rehearsal, the group of squeaky basses and rumbling tenors would collect in the dining hall with the flashy fillies with the classy chassis from across the way, and do a bit of toe mangling. After this a sumptuous feast was served up unto all.

After the closing show, when dirty costumes, completely worn-out fans, and slippery grease-paint had been discarded, a wind-up dance was held. After a few faltering words had been uttered by Messrs. Rourke and Ramsay, the party broke up and the fillies were haltered and led to their stalls by the males.

A few weeks later, the club took a journey to Toronto to see the show, "*Pirates of Penzance*", produced by the eminent musical director of our show, Frank.

The bus trip was enjoyed immensely by all, especially by basses Wilson, I., Farrell, and Karn.

It was a bang-up year—a lot of hard work, but a lot of fun. A great sense of satisfaction was felt by the whole club upon the completion of a very good show.



Pish Tush (*Doug Ramsay*),
Ko-Ko (*Mr. Rourke*), and
Pooh Bah (*Hugh Davidson*),
reading the Mikado's procla-
mation.

The Mikado

I MIGHT BEGIN this article by saying that, without a doubt, this year's presentation of "The Mikado" was the most enthusiastically received Pickering Gilbert and Sullivan festival yet. Each performer seemed to throw himself wholeheartedly into the project, and the result was a genuine success. The audience of Friday and Saturday nights was excellent, and this contributed to the general success of the occasion.

Primary credit goes, of course, to Mr. Rourke for his limitless energy and ability in whipping the production into shape. To take a group of fifty-six performers, most of whom do not know one note of the score, and come through with a polished production in the short period of about three and one-half months is not an easy task. To produce the kind of performance which was given in the school auditorium on March 11, 12, and 13 of this year, is a stroke of genius. Without the assistance of our accompanist Frank Houston, however, this could never have been done. He should be given full credit for the magnificently spirited, if not always technically accurate, playing of this very difficult score.

The men's chorus was lusty and full of spirit. Their only real bungle was Thursday night's opening, (I hear this may have been the curtain-puller's fault),



Katishaw (*Mrs. Jackson-right*) sings to Yum Yum (*Mrs. Rourke*) and Nanky-Poo (*Roly Goodyear*).

and from this they quickly recovered. I cannot say as much for the ladies' chorus which was rather weak and thin, singing alone. They were considerably better, however, when they were backed up by the boys, and they were superb in the finales.

Mrs. Rourke's Yum-Yum was excellent, as usual—in fact, of professional quality. The power and clarity of her voice were thrilling,—her control generally perfect. She was most affecting in dialogue.

Another performance which was up to professional snuff was that of Mrs. Jackson as Katisha, whose rich, well-controlled contralto voice and superb acting always afford a thrill. Her best performance was turned in on Friday night.

Mrs. Beer was particularly charming as Pitti-Sing, and Jacqueline Thompson as Peep-Bo filled her part adequately.

This year the club welcomed Roland Goodyear, a lyric tenor. His acting was above average and he did give life to the part of Nanki-Poo.

Hugh Davidson, baritone, was excellent as Pooh-Bah. Here the casting couldn't have been better, for if Hugh looks or acts like anyone, he looks and acts like Pooh-Bah! There were only two faults in his performance—he rolled his r's excessively and he did not have enough padding.

Doug Ramsay made an excellent, though slightly hoarse, Pish-Tush, and his few technical flaws did not mar the general merit of his performance.

Of Mr. Rourke's portrayal of Ko-Ko, little need be said, except that his shinanigans were up to the usual high standards, and gave pleasure to all.

Credit must be given to Mr. Hagan and his minions—Marv Goodman, Pete Mutchler, and Pete Copp, for the magnificent sets and the handling of the stage machinery; to Mr. Jackson for the lighting; to Mr. Stewart, Dunc Cameron

and the others who helped with the make-up. Especial thanks should be given Miss Richardson, who came up to direct the sale and distribution of tickets—a tiresome and thankless job which she handled magnificently.

— A truly splendid effort on the part of all.

Polikon Club

THE POLIKON CLUB has completed its twentieth year, still hale and hearty and, despite the regretted absence of the Honourable Member from St. Thomas, still a stronghold of culinary perfection and oratorical magnificence. Innovators as ever innovators, the Polikoners brought to the school a fine example of American cinematic propaganda and initiated a series of debates with a junior organization in which the latter group was given a chance to learn something of Parliamentary procedure and to demonstrate their need for further improvement. Communists and aristocrats were equally well represented and much fiery invective was used in the Inter-Club debates, which covered all subjects from the most obscure facet of the international geopolitical situation to the sex life of the New York mosquito. As usual the executive consisted of very select persons. During the first term: Arnold—president; Bond—secretary; Cohen—treasurer. In the second term: Mountjoy—president; Widdrington—secretary; Goodman—treasurer; and in the third term Clark—president; Rogers—secretary; Whitney—treasurer. At the beginning of the year Aguayo, MacDonald, Cameron, Whitney, Davidson, and Clark entered the club and Mr. Beer took over Mr. McCulley's position as staff representative. At the end of the year Snider, Wood, Thomsen, Israelier, and Fisher were invited to join. Finally, the Ex-Honourable Member from Dufferin-Simcoe returned to take part in the last few meetings. A fine year was had by all.

Back Row—

ALISTAIR MACDONALD
 ERNIE SHIPTON
 AL SNIDER
 JOE COHEN
 HUGH DAVIDSON
 LENNOX ROWE
 FRANK WOOD
 MARVIN GOODMAN
 SVEN THOMSEN
 DUNCAN CAMERON
 AL MARSHALL
 STEPHEN ISRAELER
 PETER FISHER.
 MR. BEER

Front Row—

MIKE MOUNTJOY
 PETER WIDDRINGTON
 AL ROGERS (Sec'ty)
 CAM CLARK (Pres.)
 BEN WHITNEY
 (Treas.)
 TED BOND
 RICKY ARNOLD



Coalition Canteen

STRANGELY ENOUGH the whole scheme started in an English classroom. Grade XI had been having discussions every Saturday and this one was to be about a weekly dance at Pickering.

The discussion was opened by four very competent members of the class who each made a speech lasting about 30 seconds. Everyone agreed that a dance would be a good idea, but quite a few difficulties were uncovered.

“Where’ll we get girls?”

“Sister school?”

At this point one of the boys comes out with some inside information. Half the class discards the sister school idea and the rest feel game to take a chance. It looks like a stalemate until some bright individual gets the idea of inviting some of the girls from Newmarket. A particularly thoughtful fellow then suggests that Newmarket boys might not like the idea of a feminine vacuum every Saturday night. Gloom.

“How about a canteen with the high school?” The idea burst on us with all its brilliant splendor.

Two grade 11 students saw Al Rogers, chairman of the school committee. He thought the idea a very good one and got the ball rolling. It was decided to have a dance committee that would take care of getting wax for the floors, drinks, and collecting the money at the door. The people on the first committee were John Moreland (master of ceremonies), Sven Thomsen (to take care of getting cokes, waxing the floor and moving chairs), and Ian Wilson (prestige).

The first dance came off very well. The Eaton’s band box supplied up-to-the-minute music played by the big name bands. There were plenty of cokes and cookies and comfortable chairs to rest in.

There were not many Newmarket boys at the dance but as Sir Isaac Newton said, quote, “An apple has to gain momentum before it can make a smash hit.” The first dance was, however, very good for a start.

The apple did gain momentum and at the second dance the number of Newmarket boys nearly balanced the number of Pickering boys. Spot prizes were given out and a rather lengthy skit was put on. “Ma” Timmins caused a sensation when he rode around the dance floor on a bicycle, peering intently at the ladies through dark glasses from under a red hat.

The music at this dance was very well handled by Gene Harrison. John Moreland, since he had turned out to be a “natural” for master of ceremonies, master-of-ceremonied at the second dance too.

Two dances have come off very well and there doesn’t seem to be any drawbacks. We’ve got the time, the place, beautiful women, music, beverages (soft), low prices and (very important) the initiative.

There has been a great deal of talk at Pickering lately of the advantages we could make use of but don't. One of them is the fun and satisfaction everyone could get more often with the town of Newmarket. The dance, which has shown itself to be a success, and will, I hope, continue to be in years to come, can be part of a strong foundation for closer and better Pickering-Newmarket relationships.

Discussion Groups

DURING THE FIRST PART of this final school term, a very great interest in world affairs and in the problems of life seems to have arisen among the student body. On Friday, April 23, the grade XI English and Latin classes took the form of a panel discussion on Communism, led by Messrs. Bunce, Wallman, Marshall and Endicott.

Mr. Bunce opened the discussion by giving a very rough outline of the history of Communism in Russia. Mr. Wallman followed this up by attempting to explain what Communism in Russia meant. There was a great deal of oversimplification, such as the reference to a "great state pool" and "slightly revised Marxism". He then outlined the system of government in Russia at the present time, and told of the harsh and severe discipline. In referring to this system as "Marx modified slightly", he may have misled some of his listeners. On the whole, however, his comments were well thought out and contributory.

Mr. Marshall went on to tell of international Communism's methods for gaining control, and spoke of the appeal of Communism to half-starved peasants. He then described the successful Communist coups in Europe, which have taken place following the war. A great deal of time was obviously spent by Mr. Marshall on research.

Mr. Endicott spoke on Communism outside Europe. Wisely, he claimed no statement as truth, but merely outlined the claims of the Communists and anti-Communists. His remarks applied particularly to Canada. The discussion which followed was an interesting one, during which many of those present (including guests from other grades), aired their views and asked questions which they deemed pertinent. On the whole, the project was an entirely successful and stimulating one.

This grade XI discussion, however, was not the only manifestation of the awakening interest which I have mentioned. The "Sunday morning discussion group", an ancient P.C. institution, has been dragged out and dusted off by Messrs. Arnold, Rutherford, et al. The first discussion, led by Mr. Jackson, was on the subject of philosophy, the Platonic and Aristotelian systems being compared. The second discussion led by Mr. McCowan was on the subject of

Marxism, as opposed to Russian Communism. This discussion was one of the most enlightening which I have ever heard and I am sure that all who were there left the room wiser than they had come in. On Sunday, May 1, Mr. McCowan led another discussion on Russian Communism, which was also informative.

Princeps Club

PICKERING'S newest, most exciting, and greatest debating club has come through its second unsurpassed year. After repeated requests by the Princeps Club, the staid conservative Polikon Club reluctantly agreed to a joint debate. During the year there were two of these and they both were highly successful. The club hopes that these joint meetings will become a permanent institution.

This year's guest speakers included Mr. Harold Ghent of the Newmarket Co-operative who spoke on co-operatives, Mr. C. G. Cameron of the Ontario Workmen's Compensation Board who gave his viewpoint on State Medicine, and Mr. Robert McClure who discussed art. One of the most interesting meetings was a mock trial presided over by Judge Parsons. Our (long pause) first president (ahem) according . . . to . . . the constitution (ahem) was Dave (longer pause) Claxton. Dave got the club off to a flying start and read and interpreted the more involved sections of the constitution admirably well. Bruce Parsons, the president for the winter term, was very efficient and absolutely incorruptible. This is not to say that the other presidents were corrupt, but they did not have to face the temptations that Bruce did. The final president, Jack Rutherford, did nothing but certainly did that well. Ron Cheffins, the first secretary-treasurer, failed miserably, and Richard Bunce took over the job. I am sure that I speak for the whole club when I say that Dick's minutes were the most detailed, comprehensive, and exact minutes that we have ever listened to (or want to).

At the date of writing we have not yet had our final banquet, but with a sinking fund the size of ours, it should be enjoyed by all.

Back Row—
JOHN MORELAND
ARMAND CHAPUT
BARRY WALLMAN
PETER MUTCHLER
GENE HARRISON
SAUL LUBARSKY
RON CHEFFINS
KEITH GARRETT
ROSS DABOLL

Front Row—
BOB PRITTE
DICK BUNCE
DAVID CLAXTON
DON TIMMINS
JACK RUTHERFORD
BRUCE PARSONS
MIKE PRINCE





Back Row: BILL RAGSDALE, RUSS DISNEY, BILL BAYES, BILL BUCK, JOHN AVERY, DON MARSHALL, JACK GOOBIE, BILL CAPES.
Front Row: PHIL ENDICOTT, OWEN OAKES, BILL AULT, DON HUTCHESON, DICK LEE, ED STEVENSON, LYLE SIFTON.

THROUGHOUT THE YEAR, the club has attempted to analyse many informative topics, such as "Should Pickering College Be Coeducational" and "Has the Atom Bomb Done More Harm Than Good", with each member, upon occasion, debating or participating in the ensuing discussion. All in all the club has experienced a most successful year, so far, considering its many rousing and enjoyable sessions.

Not exempt from mention are the refreshments, which generate a necessary and satisfying part of the evening.

With the desire that the year's activities may be rendered complete, we are looking forward, with pleasure, to the annual final banquet, to be held on May 31.

The members for this year are: Bill Ault, John Avery, Bill Bayes, Bill Buck, Bill Capes, Russ Disney, Phil Endicott, Jock Goobie, Don Hutcheson, Dick Lee, Don Marshall, Owen Oakes, Lyle Sifton, Ed Stevenson, and Bill Ragsdale.

The Art Club

AT THE BEGINNING of this school year, September 1947, Mr. Rourke, our new headmaster, paved the way for boys to start new clubs and tried to impart to us some badly needed initiative. As a result some new clubs were formed, one of these being the Art Club. Philip Monaghan, who was already a student of art, went to Mr. Hagan, the arts and crafts teacher for the Prep, who designs our stage sets, and asked him if he would act as an art teacher

for a group of four or five boys who showed interest in painting. As a result, Mr. Hagan agreed to hold an Art Club meeting every Monday and Thursday. The four boys who were in the Club at that time were Philip Monaghan, Alistair MacDonald, Barry Wallman, and Michael Mountjoy. Another member, Sven Thomsen, joined after Christmas. At first, Mr. Hagan took us on walks so that we would be able to recognize forms in nature. He then taught us to draw perspective, simple still life, or whatever we desired. By Christmas we were cutting out coloured paper and pasting it on other pieces, with design in mind, but mainly to teach us how to blend warm and cold colours. After that we started painting in oils and we were all on the way to be Rembrandts when Mr. Hagan was called away to do the stage sets for the Glee Club production, "The Mikado". As a result the Art Club ended for the year, but we hope that it will continue next fall.

The V-1 Club

A GAIN, this year the club's membership was much larger than usual. This was a result of so many requests from scientifically minded students, who desired to belong to the only club in the school that dwelled on scientific topics.

Mr. Rourke was relieved of his duties during the Glee Club period, when a group of three was selected to arrange the ensuing meetings. Mr. Renzius gave an interesting talk on Swedish education, and Dr. Cock, an old reliable, was called upon to comment on a film of a bladder operation. Tom Cross was slightly affected by the first knife cut.

Back Row—IKE LANIER, BILL KARN, DON JENKINS, GEORGE McCOWAN, DON WILSON, TOM CROSS, ALEC BULL, JAMES FARRELL, HOWARD REYNOLDS.
Front Row—JIM McKEOWN, TED LAWRENCE, MR. ROURKE, IAN WILSON, TERRY SUMNER, KEITH SHIER, DOUG RAMSAY, DON STEWART.



It should be noted by non-rooters that because of the high quality of Pepsi-Cola, it was necessary to raise the price of this superb drink in order that it might be distinguished from the poorer grades. It has been rumoured that the nurse uses Pepsi-Cola to sterilize her instruments. This just goes to show that Pepsi-Cola is universally popular.

The members this year were Mr. Rourke, Mr. McCowan, Keith Shier ("sukertary"), Bill Karn, Alex Bull, Tom Cross, Jim Farrell, Don Jenkins, Ike Lanier, Ted Lawrence, Doug Ramsay, Howard Reynolds, Don Stewart, Terry Sumner, Cliff Thomsen, Don Wilson, and Ian Wilson.

Pickering College Photographic Society

SEVERAL WEEKS after the opening of school, the Pickering College Photographic Society held its initial meeting for 1947-48, and elected Duncan Cameron, a new-boy at Pickering, as president, Ricky Arnold, secretary, and Saul Lubarsky, business manager. The group was larger than ever before, consisting of almost thirty members. Because of the number of young students, it undertook a series of instructional lectures which carried them on until Visitors' Day.

The display presented on Visitors' Day, under the direction of the executive, received favourable criticism, and approached the level of a professional exhibit. The club closed the first term with a banquet.

The executive was returned in the second term with Red O'Neill as secretary, Mr. Arnold having resigned, and undertook to remodel and equip the school darkroom, as well as give a demonstration lecture series. Both projects were completed by Easter, and the boys had not only a good place to work in, but the knowledge to produce results.

Back Row—PETER FISHER, GEORGE BENNESS, DAVE WILLET, IVAN MENCIK, DAVE KINZIE, PETER MCMURTRY, STAN MORRISS.

Front Row—ARCHIE WILLIAMSON, BRUCE PARSONS (vice-pres.), DUNCAN CAMERON (pres.), SAUL LUBARSKY (sec'ty-treas.), MARCEL HARVEY.



At the beginning of the third term, the constitution was greatly amended, and an executive of Cameron, Parsons, and Lubarsky elected. The meetings were devoted to motion pictures, outside speakers, and lectures on the finishing and mounting of competition prints.

The club feels proud of its year, but would prefer to consider it as a foundation for an active and productive group next year, now that we have twenty-five members, who, having learned the fundamentals, are ready to unite science and art in the exercise of their hobby.

The Final Banquet

THE ATHLETIC BANQUET, now an annual tradition at Pickering College, was held this year on the evening of Wednesday, June the ninth. Festivities were begun at six P.M. when the school hurtled into the dining room as the bell sounded.

The head table displayed a host of guests and speakers. Physical Director C. R. Blackstock, returned from Montreal, mastered the ceremonies. To right and left of him stretched the guests of the evening and the school; Mr. David Rogers, Mr. Roy Warren, Mr. Baz. Mason, Mr. Harry McBrien, Mr. Charles Higginbottom, Mr. Fred Steele, Dr. George Case, ex-Headmaster Jos. McCulley, and Headmaster Robert Rourke.

During the meal, basically turkey and ice-cream, Pete Colgrove used the piano to lead two hundred voices in a variegated sing song. Upon demand, Ernie Shipton unleashed a solo at the assembly, and a small select group presented a speck of Gilbert and Sullivan. After the meal came coffee and speeches.

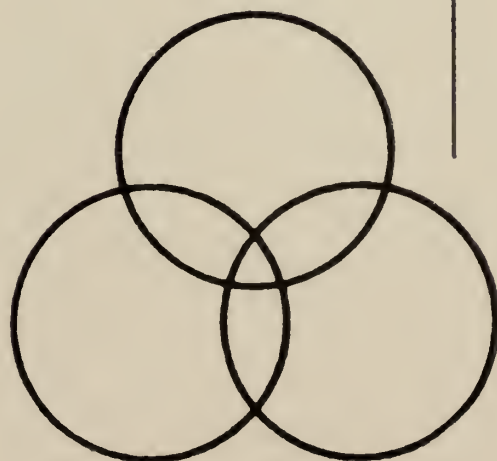
Mr. Harry McBrien distributed the Firth House Colours. The Third Colours were given out by Mr. Fred Steele, the Second by Mr. Chas. Higginbottom. Old Boy Baz. Mason of the Toronto *Telegram* called the Senior Letter winners up to take their awards.

Mr. David Rogers presented the Firth House Cane to Jack Mihell. Mr. Jos. McCulley congratulated Al Rogers, Doug. Ramsay and Hugh Davidson on winning the Widdrington Award.

Finally Headmaster Rourke presented Al Rogers with the Garrett Cane. After the applause died away, the school joined hands in a great circle to sing the traditional *Auld Lang Syne*.

The Banquet was over. The Juniors vanished homewards into the night. The Seniors set stern faces toward Matriculation.

sports



SPORTS DEPARTMENT

JAMES FARRELL—*Editor*

DICK LEE

PETER McMURTRY

“Second Place Only”

AS USUAL, athletics took second place only to academics this year, and although no team might be termed sensational, they all fought hard and were a tribute to the school they represented.

One thing that stands out in Pickering athletics is the percentage of participants. Ninety-five percent of the senior school participated in that great autumn pastime, rugby. These players were distributed over five teams, and all were given the opportunity to display their prowess.

Basketball and Canada's national pastime—hockey, occupied the winter picture and again the number of players who participated was large. Lack of ice prevented an adequate amount of training for some of the younger teams who will some day fill the shoes of the departing seniors. We hope that in the future the athletic department will in some way secure enough ice so that the future “flying Pics” will bring a championship to the school.

Track and field, softball, lacrosse, archery, and tennis gave the school an abundance of spring activities, and our congratulations go out to the members of the community who helped make this glorious season one of the fullest and happiest ever.

On behalf of the entire student body, we would like to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Ernie Shipton and Mr. Barney Jackson, who, in the absence of Mr. Blackstock did such yeoman service in keeping the athletic schedule functioning faultlessly. Extra thanks to Mr. Shipton for his work on the intramural games which did much to cut the edge off the “off seasons”.

Senior Rugby 1948

THE TEAM'S RECORD is uneven. There were great moments, the close score at Trinity, the victory at U.T.S. and the fine game at Upper Canada. There were also bad spots which are best forgotten.

We did not expect high success, for the team was new and most of the players untried in senior football. Our victories were a bonus for hard work, and the losses could have been more frequent without disgrace.

The team was light. It was inexperienced. It was young in learning. At its best it was a football team in the making. At its worst it never failed to show promise for a better game next time.

Many of the players met for the first time at the first practice. They came from the far West and the near West, from Northern Ontario and from Quebec, from Mexico and Kingston. One or two had played with the Pickering Seniors last year, a few played here as Juniors, many had played a bit at other schools, some had not played at all. Yet, by the end of the season, they showed that they could play together as a team.

A coach could ask nothing better than to have this gang together for three years. They had the material of a great team. The three year stretch will not be possible for all of them, but there will be enough of them back next year to build a good team. With a bit of luck, plenty of work, and a continuance of the spirit we showed at our best this year, it might even be a great one.

Front Row—L to R—SUMNER, HARVEY, REYNOLDS, LAWRENCE (capt.), C SHIER, MARSHALL. Second Row—L to R—HUTCHESON, COUSINS, ROGERS, CH AVERY, AGUAYO, HOGARTH, ELLIOT. Third Row—L to R—AULT, WILSON, LA FARRELL, CROSS, WHITNEY, WIDDRINGTON. Last Row—L to R—MR. JACKSON, C McINTOSH, PRITTIE (man.), DABOLL, MR. ROURKE.



Junior "A" Rugby

THE JUNIOR "A's" of 1947 were the school champions as far as football was concerned. However, in order not to embarrass the other groups, we will refrain from recording our percentage of wins.

The team was a well-knit, enthusiastic group, with most of the members having had at least one year of experience. It was a defendable and steady group for most of the season, the exception being when injuries took a drastic toll and reduced our strength to about fifteen members. The let-down here was only brief and the remaining players came through extremely well—aided in the last game by three strong members from the "B's" and Midgets.

Good games were played against U.T.S., T.C.S., S.A.C., and Lakefield. With Newmarket High, we played our most exciting and best games (also our worst game!) In the first of the Newmarket series, the "Statue of Liberty" pulled out a win for us in a hard game—but in return, Newmarket, in the last of the series, succeeded with a touchdown off a fake place-kick which gave them the victory at the last moment.

The team was strong on the offensive, in downfield, and in line tackling. Weaknesses were mainly in the inability to size up defensive situations, and many times defensive men were caught badly out of position. Except for this weakness, which experience may improve, most of the members should be ready for a promotion in September 1948.

Members of the team: Oakes, Murphy (Jack), Murphy (Jim), Cheffins, Cannon, Brawnlee, Buck, Timmins, Alvarez, Bunce, Lee, Goodman, Arnold, Benness, Karn, Ramsay, Jenkins, Sifton.

Junior "B" Rugby

WHILE THE RECORD of the Junior "B's" was not impressive this season, they performed well against more skilled opposition. The team was rather weak along the line, but the backfield played a steady, consistent game. Main spark plugs were Mihell and Holt, who did most of the running, while Thomsen and Wylie formed the passing combination. McMurtry developed into a good snap, and a lot of drive was given to the squad by Richardson's end playing. The highlight of the season was Joe Cohen's leading the team to victory over Appleby with his drop-kicking.

Team: Alvarez, Bull, Cohen, Deacon, Mihell, Mountjoy, McMurtry, McJannett, Mutchler, Rutherford, Stewart, Holt, Thomsen, D. Wilson, Stephenson, Mencik, Richardson, Wylie. Coach: Bill Bayes.



Midget Rugby

THESE IS A romantic glow about the memories of any team, especially a football team, since the lapse of time between the season and the write-up of it is greater than with any other sport. One tends to remember the good things—the fusing of an unwieldy group of hopefuls into a team; the intermingling of new boys with old; the development of the spirit that keeps practice from being a drudgery, and holds a losing team together as well as a winning one.

That the team won three and lost several games is not really important. That it played as well as possible in all but one game is important. Some of the players had a large degree of natural ability, others did not. But all improved over the season—the freshmen learned the rudiments of the game, the veterans learned new skills, and all felt the thrill of combat.

It would be invidious to single out anyone for special mention—there were no broken reeds.

A list of the players follows: Macdonald, Wood, P. Marshall, Vassar, Snider, Jackson, Fisher, Peters, Paul, Lubarsky, Parsons, Azar, Wallman, Helwig, Endicott, Goobie, Cameron, Moreland, Morris, Twigg. Manager: Barkell. Coaches: Messrs. Garrett and Disney.

Bantam Rugby

THE BANTAM FOOTBALL TEAM of '47 won only one game out of six, but what they missed in wins was well made up in a lot of fun and experience. Many of the boys had never played before and they took a while to hit their stride, but by the end of the season they learned the effectiveness of working together well and trying their hardest to win. Poor tackling and blocking went against the boys until the last two games, when they showed that they had the stuff to win.

The backfield strength centred around Bill Maguire, while quarterback Don Frosst and wingman Ken Brandie did some speedy ball carrying. Along the line, ends Bruce Ames and Roger Warren, with inside Warren Peters, did some brilliant blocking and tackling.

Coaches Dave Peddie and Al Marshall take this opportunity to thank the team for a pleasant season, and hope to see you show the same enthusiasm throughout your football career as was shown during the last two games.

The team: Ken Brandie (captain), Don Frosst, Bill Maguire, Bruce Hathway, John Howell, Dave Frosst, Bill Stott, George Dempsey, Marvin Greenbaum, Warren Peters, Peter Bullock, Mike Prince, Dave Kinzie, Larry Jopson, Archie Williamson, Bill Smyth, Bill Hutchison, Roger Warren, Bruce Ames, Jack Holway, Dave Chapman, Jim Forster.

Senior Hockey

THE 1948 EDITION of Pickering's first hockey team fared little better than last year's crew. However in the final standing of the "Prep" League schedule, we moved up a notch from last year. We finished in fourth place with one win and a tie.

It would be fine if we were allowed to mention only the first game of the season. This game against St. Andrews was the best the team played in two years. They walked through the Red and White to the tune of 8-3. Dick Elliott was the big gun for Pickering, making six points. The team displayed a well balanced attack and steady defensive work on their first outing, and it seemed as if they were going to be a force to be reckoned with in the "Prep" League. This, however, was disproved in the next game with U.T.S., in Varsity Arena, when the boys from the hill absorbed a good beating from a better than average U.T.S. outfit. Pickering lost this game for one reason alone—poor condition.

From then on the team didn't hit the win column once. The only bright spot in the otherwise dreary hockey outlook was a tremendous and valiant fight put up against the best U.C.C. hockey team in several decades. The Blue and Silver lost 3 to 0, but they deserved at least a tie on the basis of play.

It is not difficult to pin down the main reason for Pickering's rather mediocre showing in the last few years. That main reason is lack of practice. If Pickering hopes to keep a team in the O.H.A. they must somehow obtain more practice time for the team. Otherwise there is no hope of Pickering making a really fine showing in O.H.A. competition.

Credit and praise should go to the members of the team who fought hard against heavy odds for most of the season.

Goal:

Paul, Max—played a consistently good brand of hockey during the entire season. He was known as "Mr. Cool", and was a great asset to the team.

Defence:

Rogers, Al—came through marvelously in his second season with the Seniors. He was team captain, and the most valuable player on the team both offensively and defensively.

Widdrington, Pete—is a three-year man with the team who came into his own this year. Known as "Style", he lived up to his reputation as an offensive threat but this was sometimes disastrous as it left an opening for breakaways.

Farrell, Jim—was back for his second year with the Seniors and showed a great improvement. His main fault was lack of drive but this improved as the season progressed. He played a consistently clean game, and for the second year in a row stayed clear of the cooler.

Shier, Keith—is another three-year man with the team who showed flashes of ability but unfortunately was not given ample opportunity. When he was on the ice he was a consistently good performer and displayed a real team spirit.



Forwards:

Elliot, Dick—came to us from Kenora and was exceedingly valuable to the team, for he led in the scoring. He played a good clean game and always worked hard. He had a hard time skating both ways, but with “drive” he should develop into a good hockey player.

O'Neill, Harold—in his second year with the Seniors showed that he had cured his bad tendency of last year, that is, to play the man before the puck. His play was one hundred percent improved and he was a definite asset to the team. He had plenty of fight and played hard.

Wilson, Ian—playing his second year with the Seniors proved himself to be a very valuable cog in the machine. He is a good forechecker and a fast skater. He had one of the hardest shots on the team but needs a little more practice around the nets.

Cousins, John—had the potentialities of a very effective player. He is fast and rugged and has a deadly sweep check. He does not take full advantage of his wing mates; correction of this plus a little more drive would make “Mugs” a far more valuable player.

Hutcheson, Don—another two year man with the team who played his position well and worked very hard both ways. He played a clean, rugged game, and was an effective backchecker as well as an offensive threat. More experience would be beneficial to him.

Murphy, Jim—came to us from last year's seconds and he was always a game performer. His inexperience at the beginning of the year handicapped

him but he improved as the year progressed. With this year's experience under his belt he should be one of the mainstays on the team next year.

Murphy, Jack—like his brother, came to us from the seconds of last year. When in the game he gave his best and we feel he gained much experience as the season progressed. His skating and checking were a little weak but these should improve with more experience.

Wylie, Al—made the jump to the seniors from last year's fourths and we feel that a year's more experience on a younger team would have done him a lot of good. However Al gave his best at all times. His lack of fight was his drawback and he needs plenty of hard work at his skating. When these handicaps are remedied we'll be looking for him to go places.

Sub-Defence:

Ault, Bill—played only three games with the seniors but he showed flashes of ability while playing. He is a fair skater and tries hard, but needs more experience.

Sub-Goal:

Bull, Alex—was always on hand this year to fill in for Max if the necessity arose. He wasn't called on once, but it was a gratifying feeling to have a goal tender like Alex standing by. In practice he showed himself to be a hard-working member of the team.

Manager:

Sifton, Lyle—an unfortunate rugby injury kept him out of the game this winter in body, but in spirit he was with the team all the way. He bore the thankless job of manager without one complaint or hard word.

Second Hockey Team

THE SECOND HOCKEY TEAM might not have been termed a powerful organization. Their only victory came late in the season, against the third team. There was considerable rivalry between the two teams, but the thirds proved too much for them in two out of three games. The seconds were handicapped by lack of experience on the large ice surface, and strong third team skaters.

However, they did get in and fight, and played to the best of their ability at all times. They showed enthusiasm by getting up early and getting an hour's before-breakfast practice on the ice down town.

Alex Bull was in goal, with Bill Ault, Terry Sumner, Mike Mountjoy, Ed Stephenson, Nick Hollinrake, and Bill Hogarth playing Defence. Forwards were Don Timmins, John Avery, Pete Fisher, Ron Cheffins, John Moreland, Don Azar, Don and Dave Frosst, Bill Hutchison, and Ivan Mencik.

Midget "A" Hockey

IN KEEPING WITH the policy of developing hockey players by bringing them up through the ranks, the nucleus of the third team was a group of players who had one year of playing together: Deacon, Warren, Peters, Vassar, McMurtry, Wood, Hathway, and Snider. Forster and Mihell from the prep, and some newcomers to the school, Maguire, Dempsey and Underhill, completed the team. Bruce Ames undertook the role of manager and did a capable job.

We were fortunate this year in getting much better hockey weather and a longer season, although in the matter of available ice for practice, there was still much to be desired. Our team was entered in the Junior North York League and played against teams from the high schools of Newmarket, Aurora, and Richmond Hill. Although we won only one of the six league games, the stiff competition proved very beneficial in sharpening the skill of our players.

Considerable intramural rivalry developed with the second team, and reached the stage where verbal claims were put to the test on the ice, our team winning two of three games. Two exhibition games, one with St. Andrew's and the other with the Lakefield seconds, resulted in losses for us.

It is hoped that next season will see greatly improved facilities for practicing, and that the team will be back, eager to improve their skills in the game of "scoot and shoot," or modern hockey.

Midget "B" Hockey

MANY of the members of the fourth team were experiencing, for the first time, the thrill of skating and playing hockey. As a result, the team looked rather awkward and tottery on the ice. What they lacked in ability, however, they made up in interest and enthusiasm.

The scarcity of practice ice proved a handicap in the matter of arranging games and giving the team much-needed practice in the basic skills. Several games were played, one with St. Andrew's, which resulted in a loss, and a series with the prep in which honours were evenly divided.

Ping-Pong

DURING THE WINTER TERM a not so glamorous sport, ping-pong, gained the spotlight in the senior corridor. This year, two tournaments were run off, the first of which was a straight elimination tournament in which Henry Aguayo emerged the victor, after downing the sternest of opposition. A “flaming horse”, Ted Lawrence, gave Aguayo quite a score in the final round, as he forced “the Dug” to get the route of seven games.

A ladder tournament took place next, with thirty-three hopefuls participating. Again it was Aguayo who stole the show, displaying amazing ability in overpowering all challengers. It is to this gay caballero from down Mexico way that goes the true name of “champ”. Always a threat to the “champ’s” title were stalwarts Paul, D. Wilson, and Whitney.

Intra-Murals

THE INTRAMURAL sports program at Pickering was designed to give each student an opportunity to compete with fellow students of his own relative age and ability. Such a program is especially beneficial to the student who is keenly interested in sports but has little ability along such lines. When a boy participates in intramural athletics he does not meet overpowering and discouraging competition, but rather he finds himself competing with others of limited physical prowess. Many boys, given such encouragement, often develop into skilled athletes. Thus a Pickering student derives both physical and mental benefits from intramural participation.

The program itself is built around such team sports as volley-ball, soccer, soccer-baseball, field-ball, and basketball. An athlete who is weak in competitive sport gets a chance to display his skill in such individual sports as tennis, archery, track and field.

Although the latter lend themselves easily to the selection of the individual champion, no individual class champions are recognized. Each boy is a member of one of three teams—Red, Blue and Silver. Points are awarded to a team for player participation and team wins. The scores of the teams made in the events of Sports Day are added to the team scores made during the year. The team with the most points at the end of the school term is declared the winner.



Senior Prep Basketball

FOR THE FIRST TIME in seven years we finished out of the running in the T. and D. It was a disappointment to all of us, but this is not a time for tears. We may take thought that the competition was tougher this year than it has been for some seasons past in the Prep School Group. We met some good teams this winter, and it seems likely that those teams will be even better in the future. There is something to work for next year.

Perhaps the less said about last season, the better. We did all things well except when we most needed to do them. And yet we tried. Of that there is no doubt. I think we all know why we didn't succeed; and, because we know, I believe there is great hope for next year.

Most of the team will be back again. That is an encouraging thought. Without offering excuses, it is only fair to say that the real test of a team is its second year in competition. The first one may be considered as a trial sprint.

We will miss this year's captain. It is our misfortune that he is not returning. To him and to the other members who will not be back, our best wishes, and a promise that we will have them in mind when the gym lights go on again next November.

Junior Prep Basket Ball

THE MEASURE OF SUCCESS or failure which a team may be said to have achieved is reckoned by some in terms of the number of wins which that team has been able to score. If these standards are applied to this year's Junior Prep team, then their season will have been marked as an unsuccessful one. However, while there is a great deal of value in winning a game, there are also to be considered other values from any sport, and it is in their realization of these that I think the Juniors had a reasonably successful time.

They only managed to win one—over St. Andrew's. They lost a number of other rather close ones; in fact most of their scheduled games were lost by small scores, with the exception of those against U.T.S. The team did, however, improve a great deal over the course of the season. They learned something about the fundamentals of the game which should serve them all in good stead; they learned, I think, to accept defeat with a good grace; and, most important of all, they learned something of the satisfaction to be derived from a joint effort put forth in friendly competition with others.

Hence, I cannot regard the season as particularly unsuccessful, and can only hope that for those of the team who are going on with the game, some of the things learned during this year may be of value during the next.

The team: Kinzie (Captain), Marshall, Endicott, Greenbaum, Brandie, Hathway, Maguire, Dempsey.

Senior North York Basket Ball

THE SENIOR NORTH YORK team this year lived up to its reputation as being about the poorest team in the league. It was composed, for the main part, of a bunch of inexperienced players. They profited by their coaching, however, and by the end of the season were a pretty fair group of ball handlers. They were up against powerful teams in Newmarket, Aurora, and Richmond Hill, and were handicapped by the smallness of the gyms in these schools. In practices, the boys looked good, but when the time came to play in a game, they seemed to lose spirit or interest, and almost forgot what they were playing for. We wish the team luck, and hope that they will be playing basketball to the best of their ability next year, wherever they may be.

The Team: Forwards: Lawrence, Wilson, D., Ramsay, Anastassatos, Jenkins, Marshall, Newson, Stewart. Guards: Bunce, Cross, Goobie, Goodman, Mutchler, Richardson.

Junior North York Basket Ball

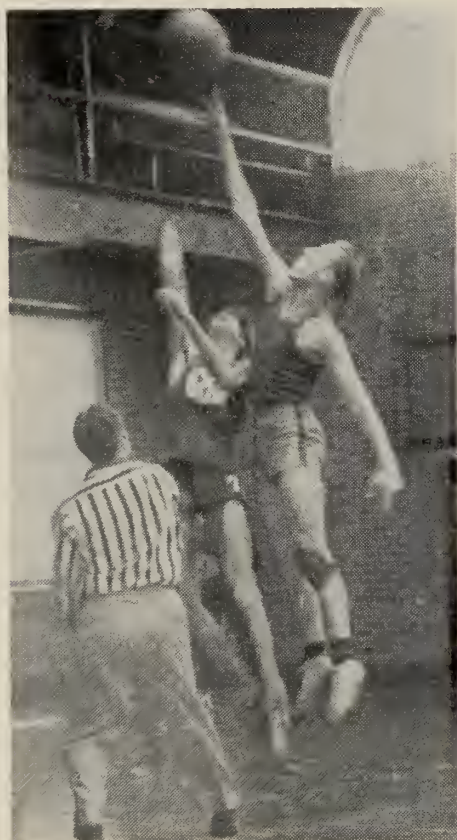
OUR JUNIOR NORTH YORK basketball team was neither better nor worse than the team has been for the last few years. Hockey kept many of our players from turning out to practices, but except for one occasion, we always managed to round up a team for our games. We were unsuccessful in all five games—against better practiced teams. Our team played as best they could under the circumstances, and showed strong enthusiasm even when the games were almost hopelessly lost.

We thank captain David Kinzie and the other players for being so patient and reliable when things didn't go as well as they should have.

The Team: Dave Kinzie (captain), Bill Maguire, Barry Wallman, Bruce Hathway, Ken Brandie, Bill Smyth, Bruce Ames, Stephen Israeler, Holway, Peter Copp, Marvin Greenbaum, Al Marshall (coach).

Senior Corridor Basket Ball

DURING THE WINTER TERM, a new game was invented in the gym, with the idea of brightening up the Sunday life of the senior corridor. The game was a slight variation of the common rugby game, but played on the basketball floor with a basketball instead of the usual rugby ball. It was played in the tough, rugged fashion that is characteristic of all Canadian sports.



The league consisted of four seven-man teams, called, for the sake of simplicity, A, B, C, and D. A's and B's played off in a sudden death game for the championship, from which the A team emerged battered, but victorious.

Because of the rough nature of the game, injuries occurred quite frequently, but the injured were merely swept aside and play continued. The teams were evenly matched, and the participation was good, even to the extent of Mr. R. E. D. Bond's presence in one of the games. Petey "Pidgeon" Widdrington was top scorer during league play, with his team-mate James "Angles" Farrell as league's bad boy.

Lacrosse

AFTER A SHAKY START in 1947, Lacrosse at P.C. came into its own with a rush in 1948, but the enthusiasm has, since its start, dwindled somewhat. In the early days of the spring term, a group of, "jolly", "amiable", fellows wandered every afternoon out to the lacrosse field, ready to tear each other apart. It seems that there are quite a few aspiring lacrosse greats adorning Pickering's portals. These gentlemen are the only ones around the school who, having blood in their veins, aren't afraid to see it spilled. Most of the fellows had never held sticks in their hands before coming to Pickering, but after a few days of practice, they were wielding them like veterans.

In one of the first games, pitted against one another, were the Duplessis Volontiers led by Maw Timmins, Ian Wilson, and many other wearers of the New France Tricolor, and the George Drew All-Ontario Seven, led by Big John Avery. The game ended with Ontario the victor by a wide margin.

Tom Cross, the Leamington terror, is the lacrosse fiend of the year. His opponents often wondered if Tom was playing lacrosse or chopping trees for the Hydro. Tom gets very excited when he plays this game, and once he apparently drove the ball at Bill MacIntosh's face. This misjudgment on Tom's part could probably be blamed on the fact that he wasn't wearing his glasses.

Big Ben Whitney, who possesses the most beautiful pair of hips in the whole school, uses them to good advantage in spilling all comers.

Ron Cheffins is the style boy in this game. He is called the Peter McMurtry of lacrosse. Anyone who hasn't seen Ron dressed in his beautiful white shorts and playing the game with the zip and fire that only a Cheffins can have, has missed the treat of the year. More could be said about individuals, but this seems to be a good place to congratulate the die-hards, Rick Arnold, Bill Ault, Alex Bull, Bill Capes, Ron Cheffins, Tom Cross, Ike Lanier, Hepster Lawrence, Saul Lubarsky, Bill Maguire, Howie Reynolds, Ben B. Whitney, Peter Widdrington and Ian Wilson, for their attempt to revive lacrosse as a sport which will soon rank with softball as a major spring term sport at Pickering.

Baseball

THIS YEAR organized baseball at Pickering consisted of a five team league, in which two senior corridor, the staff, and one team each from upper south and north took part. Pickering's second attempt to form a competent league hit the jack-pot. The league was featured by such stars as "Combine" Lanier, who pitched his team into the playoffs, only to lose out to Sifton's better balanced outfit. Another surprise this season was the play of Ben Whit-

ney who proved himself equally adept in the sun field and at the keystone. There was also a flock of seasoned outfielders with such veterans as "Muff" Mountjoy, "Moon" Moreland, and "Oil" Lee (to be said quickly). I would pick Clark for his catching, and Sifton for his all-round play, as two players destined for bigger things. The players, umpires, and scorers who worked so unselfishly in establishing a successful league deserve a big hand.

Each game was a masterpiece of precision and power, and was followed intensely by the fans. Pickering's own version of "Lippy" Durocher, "Whipper" McMurtry, was banished for the year by Commissioner Rourke for refusing to speak. The precedent has been set and more leagues will follow in years to come, but Pickering will never see another one such as this for enthusiasm, talent and all-over play. Team captains were Sifton and Farrell, Lower South; Avery, Upper South; Sumner, Upper North, and D. D. T. Peddie, Staff.

Big Jim Farrell's team won the pennant by a wide margin, being undefeated during the regular schedule. Sifton's team, disappointing all season, finally got organized in the playoffs, and being a better balanced club, chalked up two straight wins in a scheduled three-game series, to become P.C. champs, 1948.

If the all-star team below seems to favour the Lower South, it must be remembered that it entered two teams.

ALL-STARS: 1B—Cornwall, Staff; 2B—Ault and Cohen, Lower South; SS—Widdrington, Lower South; 3B—Underhill, Upper North; LF—Lee, Upper South; CF—Sifton, Lower South; RF—Capes, Lower South; C—Clark, Lower South; P*—Lanier, Lower South.

*Honorable mention—Harry "the bum" O'Neill.

Tennis

RAIN, rain take it on the lam, and come back during the exams! Early in April there were a few sunny days, and in this time a group of a dozen got busy and tried to put the courts in shape. The project was strictly student organized, as we were unable to receive any help at all, either from the athletic department or the domestic staff. This is regrettable since there was more enthusiasm in tennis this year than any other spring activity. With a few repairs, and a new surface of clay, our courts could be made playable and the school would not be embarrassed to invite tennis instructors to visit the school for a demonstration. Also we would be able to plan inter-school tennis matches, which are not possible on the courts in the their present condition.

After the students had put the courts in as best shape as they could, a tennis tournament was planned. The finalists of the tournament were to represent

the school in inter-school competition which we hoped to arrange with St. Andrew's and Trinity. "Then the Rains Came." That was it,—finis. Therefore it might be said that Pickering's tennis season left something to be desired, but not because of lack of enthusiasm; let's try to improve the situation next year!

Track and Field

TRACK AND FIELD, in this school, never seems to arouse quite the same interest as the other major athletic events. This rule seemed to hold particularly true this year, with the result that the showings made were not extremely impressive.

The two track meets in which the school participates at present, are the Upper Canada Relays, and our own Sports Day. In the Upper Canada meet especially, our record suffered because of the lack of participation and interest. Many of our athletes were on the non-active list, and some others were sidelined for other reasons. Consequently the team which represented us was shorthanded and came out on the wrong end of the scoring. They did, however, put in a good effort, and we should be grateful to them all for doing their best.

In participation, our own Sports Day was more successful. Sports Day of course, winds up the intramural athletic competition, and consequently has some more interest centred around it. A high percentage of the student body participated this year, which made for a good day. While only one record was broken (by the Senior Blue relay team), the events were run off smoothly with some good competition, particularly in the races. At the end of the day, the Blue team were high on the day's score, with the Silver and Red second and third. Added to the year score, this left the final year score as follows: Red 916, Blue 1072, Silver 999.

Congratulations should go to Mr. Mather and Mr. Shipton, who worked long and hard, both on coaching and on paper work, and without whom the day could not have been a success.

On Physical Education

IN OUR COUNTRY we are concerned that everyone should be educated, not just trained. This concern applies to physical education too. A training program can be applied to all, but is not an educational program necessarily. In Canada, the individual should leave school trained, interested in physical activity, knowledgeable enough to make choices of activities that will keep him fit and able to enjoy living because he is fit. For a long time we were most interested in an athletic élite which would represent the organization, school, or college. Gradually the benefits of a good physical education program have been ex-

tended to more and more. The extension has been achieved through the intramural programs of sports and athletics. There will be an even greater extension by means of a planned recreation program in the future.

Physical education provides a basic program of instruction by means of which the basic skills of body control are taught. Everyone should be able to walk, run and jump, throw, catch, and strike, climb, and have enough aquatic skill to protect himself in and on the water.

Physical education provides an intramural program that stimulates the practice of the basic skills through play activities. All individuals take part in this competitive sports and games program at their own ability level.

Physical education makes provision for a recreational play and sports program in which the individual selects the activities he likes best, taking part mainly for his own pleasure. In this program the individual should start to specialize. Certainly his activities in this program should be those which he will follow as an adult.

Physical education provides an extramural program of sports and athletics by means of which the most able athletes have an opportunity to specialize in a relatively few highly organized activities. Competition with others provides tests of their knowledge, skill, and ability.

Pickering has a well-rounded program of physical education. It can be improved, and it is our plan to do this by giving more attention to the intramural program, by striving for more balanced competition in the extramural games, and, of course, by more and better instruction in the basic skills.

You who have been here have contributed to Pickering's reputation. Those who follow will add to it. During the coming year, Lou Lanier and I will endeavour to bring the training we received at McGill to bear on the problems. We look forward to the lusty cooperation of all students in achieving an even more distinguished record for Pickering.

—C.R.B.

First Colour Awards

ARNOLD, RICKIE
AULT, WILLIAM
CAPES, WILLIAM *
CLARK, CAMERON
ELLIOT, DICK
FARRELL, JIM

HARVEY, MARCEL
HUTCHESON, DON
LAWRENCE, TED
LEE, RICHARD
MARSHALL, DON
PAUL, MAX

ROGERS, ALAN
SHIER, KEITH
SIFTON, LYLE
UMPHREY, RON
WHITNEY, BEN
WILSON, IAN

* Previously awarded

prep



PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT

W. H. JACKMAN—*Housemaster*

LAWRENCE GRADY

FRANK JOY

ALAN MARSHALL

DAVID PEDDIE

Matron—MRS. J. CARTER

Nurse—MRS. MARY AINSWORTH

AT THE END of each school year one cannot help but look back and make comparisons and appraisals How did this year stand up against others? . . . How good a job did we do this year?

To answer either question satisfactorily is really not possible at this time. We are too close to the present year to make judgments without prejudice. Only time can tell if we have really done a good job. However, we can look back and think of what we have done and what has happened

Last fall when school re-opened the percentage of new faces was much greater than usual because our group was larger than the year before. All of Firth House, with a couple of recent exceptions, was devoted to Prep this year which meant a larger group by ten boys.

We had to get along without Blackie who was still at McGill. Rumour has it that he will rejoin us next fall.

Mr. Hagan had charge of Arts and Crafts during the fall and part of the winter term. His work at the Ontario College of Art and his work here became more than his health would stand and Mr. R. McChure and Mr. Jackman shared this subject for the balance of the term.

Once again the Prep athletic programme was in the hands of Mr. Shipton, ably assisted by Mr. Marshall. More about Prep athletics appears elsewhere.

Grade four has been under the guidance of Mr. Francis Joy who came to us from Winnipeg. (It's amazing how many "Westerners" show up at Pickering!) Mr. Joy was a great asset to us during the hockey season. He played for one of the local teams as well.

Mr. Darling, after four years with us, left us at Christmas to try his fortune outside the teaching profession. Our best wishes go with him.

To take Mr. Darling's place came Mr. Lawrence E. Grady who hails from England where he had considerable teaching experience. "Max" has a keen interest in sports, particularly in "track". He is leaving to follow "other interests" in far-off lands.

We haven't mentioned one other member of the Staff who did much to make things livelier in the Prep this year . . . Mr. Dave Peddie who came to us through Camp Mazinaw. The place wouldn't have been the same without him.

So much for people. When one looks back one also likes to dwell on events . . .

We shall all remember for a long time the trips to Holland Marsh and to the Winter Fair which are mentioned elsewhere. We shall also remember selling cokes on Parents' Day; the Christmas dinner with TWO Santa Clauses!!; skating, of which there was a great deal this year; hockey, especially the bus trip to The Grove at Lakefield; skiing; buying, at long last, our new radio-phonograph; seeing *The Mikado*; the Pioneer Dinner with its election speeches; the spring project; the baseball games; getting out our Pickering Prep Press; electing house committees (and wondering why); trying with reasonable success, to talk Mr. Jackman into letting us go to the show; Saturday night activities; Prep Chapel, an innovation this year; Prep Assemblies, also new this year; the Music Club, organized by Mr. Joy; choir practice, and the various reasons for joining the choir.

It is too soon to say how successful this year has been, but you may be sure that we are quite convinced that when the time comes that we can look back and judge with a reasonable amount of impartiality, the verdict will be:

Yes. It was a good year!

Prep Awards

The Rogers Cane

MR. SAMUEL ROGERS, the grandfather of the present Chairman of the Board of Management, played a large part in the organization and maintenance of the school at Pickering, Ontario. To him was presented in 1883 a beautiful silver-headed cane, and through the generosity of his grandson, this cane has been given to the College to serve as the Firth House Award. This award is made each year to the Firth House student considered outstanding for his contribution to a worthwhile community life, in the spirit of "All for one, and one for all". We are happy to congratulate Jack Mihell, this year's winner of the Rogers Cane.

Athletic Colour Awards

ALVAREZ

CAMERON

CHAPMAN

COBURN*

COHEN

GREEN*

KING

LEGGE

MACKAY

* Previously awarded



Back Row—RON HERMAN, DAVID CHAPMAN, JACK MIHELL, MR. JACKMAN, JIM FORSTER, WILF COHEN.
Front Row—RON LEGGE, DOUG MCATEER, PETER GREEN, JUAN ALVAREZ, JON BERNSTEIN.

Prep Athletics

THE BOYS OF FIRTH HOUSE began the year with soccer, supervised by Mr. Darling. Juan Alvarez and Bob King inspired the team by means of their expert foot work and determination. The team played very few games, and came out even when the wins and losses were counted up at the end of the season.

During the latter part of the fall term, we held intramural games. We tried some field hockey, and, finding this a little rough, we turned to playing soccer-baseball in the gym. The tumbling club was formed again this year, and presented a clever display on Visitors' Day under the guidance of Mr. Shipton.

Winter provided us with plenty of snow and ice for skiing and skating. The Prep hockey team had a good season under the coaching of Mr. Joy. We played about eight games and made fine showings in almost all of them. The highlight of the hockey season was a trip to the Grove School at Lakefield, which was followed by a return game in the Newmarket Arena. Some of our better players were Pete Green, Bill Stott, Bob King, Dave Chapman, and Harold MacKay. Paul Henderson and his pads took turns with Wilf Cohen in the nets.

Skiing was taught by Mr. Peddie who was on the slopes at the back of the school almost daily to give instruction. Although hockey held the interest of most of the Prep boys, there was a good number who found enjoyment in the fine art of skiing. The big event of the year for the skiers was a trip to the large hills of the Thornhill Golf Club. We chartered a bus for the eleventh of February and had a full afternoon of skiing. Some of the boys found the ski jumps quite thrilling, and many preferred the security of staying on the ground, but the day was a great success and everyone returned tired but happy.

The sleigh ride was the next big feature of the year. On the evening of March 8, we went merrily down the back road on two sleighs. It was quite common to see bodies hurtling through the air into the snow banks, or to see smiling Gerald Vise trying to catch up with his sleigh. Cookies and cocoa were served when we returned and we were all glad to get into the warmth of our beds.

This spring we divided the Prep into three softball teams and planned a schedule which would give each team eight games to play. Poor weather forced us to cancel the last three games, but we had a good season nevertheless.

On the track we have a pair of fine athletes, Bob King and Jack Mihell, who are capable of doing some fast moving around the oval.

Holland Marsh

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, September 19, Mr. Darling organized a trip for the Prep up to the Holland Marsh. He had a bus chartered and after all the boys had piled into it, we drove away about 1.30.

When we had gone only a short distance something went wrong with the bus, but luckily we were right in front of the bus garage. We all got into another bus and continued on our trip. When we got to the top of the big hill at Holland Landing we stopped. In the distance we could see Lake Simcoe. When we went to start off again, the bus wouldn't move. This time the air brakes had seized. We waited about three-quarters of an hour for a mechanic to come and get us on our way again.

We then drove along highway 11 and saw only a little bit of the marsh which looked to be very small in extent. You could see all the different squares of colours which were patches of potatoes, carrots, lettuce, celery or beets. We went right on through Bradford and along highway 88 for a couple of miles and then turned south along a country road.

Suddenly we came to the top of a hill and we saw nearly all of the marsh which contains somewhere around ten thousand acres. We stopped and all got out of the bus and took a good look. The huge valley at our feet was quite im-

pressive. After we had all had a good look from here we got back into the bus and continued.

Before long we came to where the men are working on the new Super Highway which extends from Toronto to Barrie. We turned and went down it right to the edge of the marsh itself and then we turned again and went along a road built up on the bank of a canal and continued along the edge of the marsh.

Now to explain something about this marsh. Once upon a time in the distant past, this place was part of Lake Simcoe. They have a canal dug around the most of it now and huge pumps which pump the water out of the old river in the spring so that it is now dry enough to grow vegetables of all sorts.

We continued along the road on the canal bank until we came to a man whom Mr. Darling knew, so we stopped and all got out of the bus again. Steve let us go out on his farm to look at the gardens and vegetables that were still there. The land was very, very flat and it grew enormous quantities of vegetables. Steve showed us his planters, seeders, sprayers, dusters, graders, tractor and told us the answers to all of our questions. He told us what his farm had been like six or seven years ago when he first bought it. He was a very friendly man who had quite obviously worked very hard. Some of us were surprised to see that Steve was working in his bare feet but the earth in the marsh is so soft that I guess it would be all right.

When we had seen all there was to see and asked all the questions we wanted to ask we all got back into the bus and continued our journey home. We all agreed that this trip was quite worth while and many of us are looking forward to the opportunity of getting up there again some time.

Exchanges

WE ACKNOWLEDGE WITH PLEASURE the following publications thus far received from our contemporaries:

ACTA RIDLEIANA—Ridley College, St. Catharines, Ontario.

THE ARGUS—Appleby College, Oakville, Ontario.

THE DELPHIAN—Earl Haig Collegiate Institute, Toronto, Ontario.

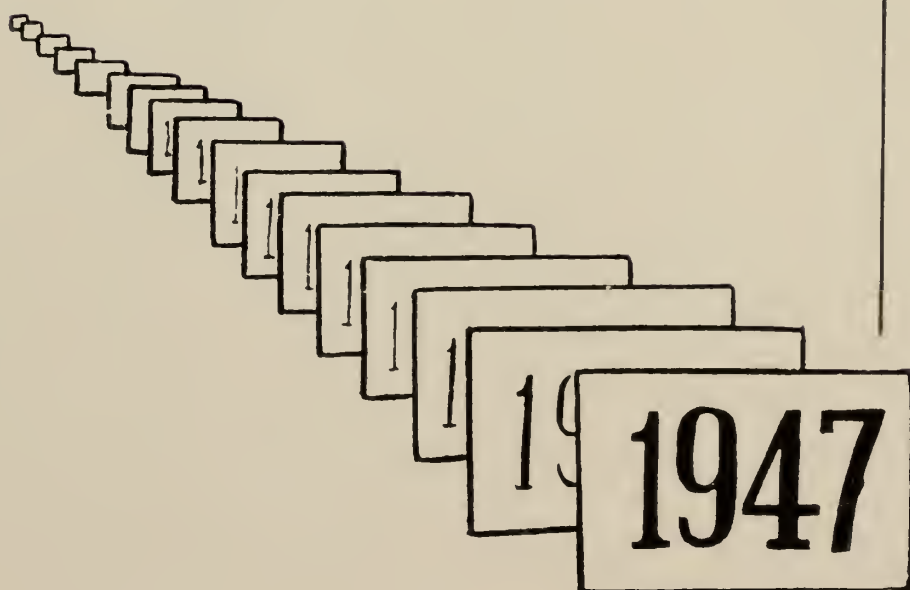
COLLEGE TIMES—Upper Canada College, Toronto, Ontario.

THE ORACLE—Fort William Collegiate Institute, Fort William, Ontario.

STANSTEAD COLLEGE ANNUAL—Stanstead College, Sherbrooke, P.Q.

THE VULCAN—Central Technical School, Toronto, Ontario.

old boys



OLD BOYS ASSOCIATION

RON PERRY—*President*

PETER WIDDRINGTON—*Student Editor*

The Association

THE EXECUTIVE which was elected December last has undertaken two major tasks: organizing the Association, and preparing the groundwork for the Memorial Fund Drive. The results of our efforts to interest Old Boys in the School have met with an excellent response. Letters and membership applications have come in from all parts of the Continent, and the British Isles. It has been an encouraging start.

The machinery for the Memorial Fund Campaign should be functioning by the time you read this issue of the *Voyageur*. Those who were asked to lend a hand did so with enthusiasm. Many old boys offered donations even before the Campaign was officially launched. This speaks well for the ultimate success of our drive.

Whatever success has been achieved in the affairs of the Association is due to the enthusiasm and hard work of Herb Miller, Vic Wood, Frank Peace, Eddie Creed and Bruce Glendinning, members of the Executive. They have devoted many hours to the organization of the Association.

Others not on the Old Boys' Executive have been most helpful, particularly Headmaster Rourke and Harry Beer.

Concerning the Memorial Campaign Committee, it should be mentioned that here again many of the Old Boys have given much time to the cause. Chairman Aubrey Davis has shown keenness and devotion to the task. Special mention must be made of Ian MacNeill for his helpful counsel. If all the Old Boys contribute in the same spirit to the Campaign, as have the members of the Committees, its success has already been written.

May I add my own word of thanks to all Old Boys, for their support and encouragement. A strong Association is in the making, and a better Pickering College envisioned for the future.

Ron Perry,
President, Old Boys' Association.

News Items

Royal York Dinner

THE FAREWELL DINNER for retiring headmaster, Jos. McCulley, at the Royal York in December attracted a very large turnout of staunch Pickering people. For old times' sake, Harry Beer presented a gold wrist watch to Joe from the Old Boys. Like the Old School, we hope it will keep ticking for many years to come. Joe reviewed his stewardship as headmaster and handed the torch to his successor, Mr. Rourke. Those at the dinner liked the messages from both headmasters so well that they made plans to show their interest in things Pickering. Thus was the Old Boys' Association re-born after its relapse during the war years.

Basketball Games - March 2nd

An intermingling of youth and puffing alumni took place on the basketball floor of Forest Hill School on March 2nd. There were rumours that the windless ones took at least half of the games. No denial has been issued.

Club Norman

On the same night as the basketball games, forty-odd couples said "Oh" and "Ah" within the gilded salons of Normie Cornell's Toronto show spot. For most, it was a long overdue reunion and a good chance to compare notes and "beef" about the weather.

The Voyageur

All members of the Association are being sent a copy of this Voyageur. (One of the blessings of membership).



FRANK PEACE
VIC WOOD
HERB MILLER
BRUCE GLENDINNING
ED CREED
RON (Pop) PERRY

Here and There

The present activities of a few members of the Association are listed below:

STILL IN THE ARMED FORCES: HOWARD CARMICHAEL (Army); JACK NEELD (R.C.A.F.).

BANKING: JOHN G. BIRD; BRIAN W. COOK.

CIVIL SERVICE: ORVAL KETTLE; GOLDWYN B. WHITE.

CONTROL COMMISSION, GERMANY: FRED MARX.

DRUG BUSINESS: GEORGE W. CAMPBELL, GEORGE CORNETT, C. ALLAN LESLIE.

ENGINEERING: HARRY CARTER, RODGER M. DORLAND, JOHN F. FRY, ROYCE W. LITTLE,
D. R. MACKENZIE, VERN OILLE, GEORGE E. M. PROCTOR, PETER SCHOPFLOCHER,
CHARLES F. WHEATON, JOHN E. WILSON.

FARMING: HERB DUNHAM, BILL JOY, REG. PERKIN.

GENERAL MOTORS: JOHN M. YOUNG.

PRACTISING LAW: PETER SLAGHT.

PRACTISING MEDICINE: (or doing post-graduate work) A. J. DENNE, EM. FAULDS,
ALLAN G. MINNES, J. WALLACE McNICHOL, WILLIAM A. OILLE, TAYLOR STATTON (Jr.),
MORRIS WEARING.

WITH RADIO: HOWARD CAINE, HAM. PALMER, ROGER STROUSE.

TEACHING: HARRY BEER, EDWARD B. BURNETT, GORDON HAY, W. HENRY JACKMAN, ALAN
T. MARSHALL.

TRAVEL: JAMES P. GILMOUR, FRED TURFUS.

ATTENDING UNIVERSITY:

Acadia—D. H. HENSHAW.

Cambridge (England)—R. A. HYMAN.

Dalhousie—VAN LAUGHTON.

Denison University (Granville, Ohio)—
J. H. PARKINSON.

George Washington—THOMAS BAKER

Highland Park (Michigan)—JAMES E.
BASH.

Imperial College (London, Eng.)—DAVID
SHAW.

McGill University—JOHN A. HALL, DUNCAN
HASKELL, C. R. KEMP, J. H. McKEOWN,
R. D. MOFFAT, HOWARD MURRAY, W. R.
ROBINSON.

Ontario Agricultural College—JACK ATKIN.

Ontario College of Art—GORDON SWETMAN.

Osgoode—ALLAN ROGERS.

Queen's—WILF COUTU, J. R. PALMER.

School of Mines (New Mexico)—HARRY
NORRIE.

Syracuse University—J. W. MACK.

University of British Columbia—MILES
KEENLEYSIDE.

University of Toronto—BARNEY APPLE,
C. O. N. CLARK, J. E. COOPER, W. J.
HUTCHESON, D. R. MACNAB, ART Mc-
CREA, G. C. MILLER, J. D. MOSSOP, BILL
RANKIN, D. P. READ, E. J. RICHARDSON,
GEO. SHIRTON, GEO. WILLIAMS.

Waterloo—N. A. THOMAS.

Western—WALTER BERGMANN.

Proposed Activities 1948-49

Football Game and Dance	—Early October, 1948
Memorial Fund Dinner	—November 6th, 1948
Christmas Cheer Meeting	—Proposals for helping a local or foreign need group—November, 1948
Annual Meeting and Stag	—Friday, January 21st, 1949
Hockey Night	—February, 1949 (School)
Basketball Game and Formal Dance	—March 18, 1949
Field Day and Dance	—May 28, 1949

NOTE: Dates and events subject to change, WITH NOTICE.

Old Boy's Association

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B. NIXON APPLE	HOWARD A. CARMICHAEL	JACK DENNE
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STONE AVERY	ALAN H. CARSON	DOUGLAS T. DOUGHTY
JOHN K. BALES	HARRY CARTER	GARVEY DOWLER
THOMAS L. BAKER	DIXON S. CHANT	HERBERT F. DUNHAM
JAMES E. BASH	GEO. A. CHARLTON	ALLAN J. FAREWELL
HARRY M. BEER	NORMAN CLARK	G. EMERSON FAULDS
H. DIXON BELL	RAYMOND BRUCE CLARK	F. WM. FENNELL
W. LLOYD BELL	DONALD S. CODY	DOUGLAS F. FINDLAY
WALTER E. BERGMANN	RALPH A. CONNOR	DONALD W. FORCE
JOHN G. BIRD	BRIAN W. COOK	JOHN FISHER FRY
GORDON F. BISHOP	JAMES E. COOPER	JAMES P. GILMOUR
C. R. BLACKSTOCK	GEORGE A. CORNETT	BRUCE W. GLENDINNING
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NORRIS D. BRANDON	JOHN ALBT. COYLE	HARRY BARTON GOSS
JAMES BROOKS	RICHARD W. CRAIGHEAD	BRUCE D. GOWDY
HUGH P. BUCHANAN	EDMOND M. CREED	FRANK GRAHAM
NED BURNETT	VERNON T. DAVIES	WALLACE Z. GUBERMAN
HOWARD C. CAINE	AUBREY J. DAVIS	JOHN A. HALL
GEORGE CAMPBELL	GHENT DAVIS	NORMAN E. HARDY

GILL HARRIS
 MICHAEL E. F. HARRIS
 WILSON HARRIS
 JOHN R. HARRISON
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 STUART R. HENRY
 DONALD HENSHAW
 W. R. F. HERRINGTON
 JAS. O. HOBSON
 MORRISON C. HOOVER
 WM. J. M. HUTCHESON
 ROBT. ANTHONY HYMAN
 ROBT. D. IVEY
 HENRY N. R. JACKMAN
 HENRY JACKMAN
 WILLIAM JAY
 RICHARD H. C. JEFFERY
 J. DOUGLAS KEARNS
 MILES KEENLEYSIDE
 CLARKE KEMP
 GORDON E. KERNOHAN
 ORVAL H. KETTLE
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 L. C. KURATA
 DAVID H. LANDER
 ALBT. F. LANGFORD
 LOUIS L. LANIER
 ERNEST E. LEITCH
 C. ALLAN LESLIE
 W. WILSON LESLIE
 FRANK S. LINTON
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 IAN MACNEILL
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FRANK MARRIOTT
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 JOHN F. MARSHALL
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 ARTHUR E. MCCREA
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 GEORGE A. WILLIAMS
 DONALD G. WILSON
 JOHN EDWARD WILSON
 CHAS. A. R. WOOD
 JAMES WOOD
 VICTOR F. WOOD
 JOHN MCC. YOUNG

Marriages

PHYLLIS PRICE—J. HARVEY ALLAN
February 19, 1946, at Slough, Bucks.

FLORENCE MARY STRONG—MR. EDWARD HUGH BROHMAN
August 20, 1947, at Ottawa.

GRACE ERIE MILLER—MURRAY ALBERT GILL
August 23, 1947, at Kingston.

DOROTHY GRABURN PROCTOR—ROBERT JOHN CURRIE GARDNER
October 11, 1947, at Toronto.

DOLORES RUTH MAZZULLO—LEWIS BLAKENEY DEMILLE
December 5, 1947, at Washington, D.C.

SYLVIA SMELLIE—MR. CHARLES RITCHIE
January 16, 1948, at Ottawa.

JUNE BERNICE NISBETT—JOHN COLLYER PETTIT
February 6, 1948, at Toronto.

EDNA MAE ALLEC—JOHN V. TUTTLE
May 28, 1948, at Arlington, California

FAYE ISABELLA KEMP—JOHN EMERSON STRUTHERS
July 16, 1948, at Toronto.

Births

ALLAN—To Mr. & Mrs. J. Harvie Allan, June 7, 1947—a son.

MOORE—To Mr. & Mrs. David Moore, October 11, 1947—a daughter, *Diane Elizabeth.*

MOORE—To Mr. & Mrs. Arthur H. Moore, Islington, Ontario, December 19, 1947
a son, Arthur Parkinson.

LEWIS—To Mr. & Mrs. Reginald Lewis, January 29, 1948—a daughter, *Janet Gillian.*

BISHOP—To Mr. & Mrs. Bruce Bishop, January or February, 1948—a daughter.

DORLAND—To Mr. & Mrs. Albert Dorland, London, Ontario, March 16, 1948—
a son, Arthur Michael.

CORNELL—To Mr. & Mrs. Ward Cornell, London, Ontario, April 3rd, 1948—
a daughter, Susan Elizabeth.

ORR—To Mr. & Mrs. L. W. Orr, Ann Arbor, Michigan, April 29, 1948—
a daughter, Leslie Constance.

MILLS—To Mr. & Mrs. Harold J. Mills, Richmond Hill, Ontario, June 4, 1948—
a daughter, Heather Ann.

LAUGHTON—To Mr. & Mrs. C. Van W. Laughton, Halifax, Nova Scotia, June
9, 1948—*a daughter, Terri Elizabeth.*

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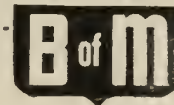
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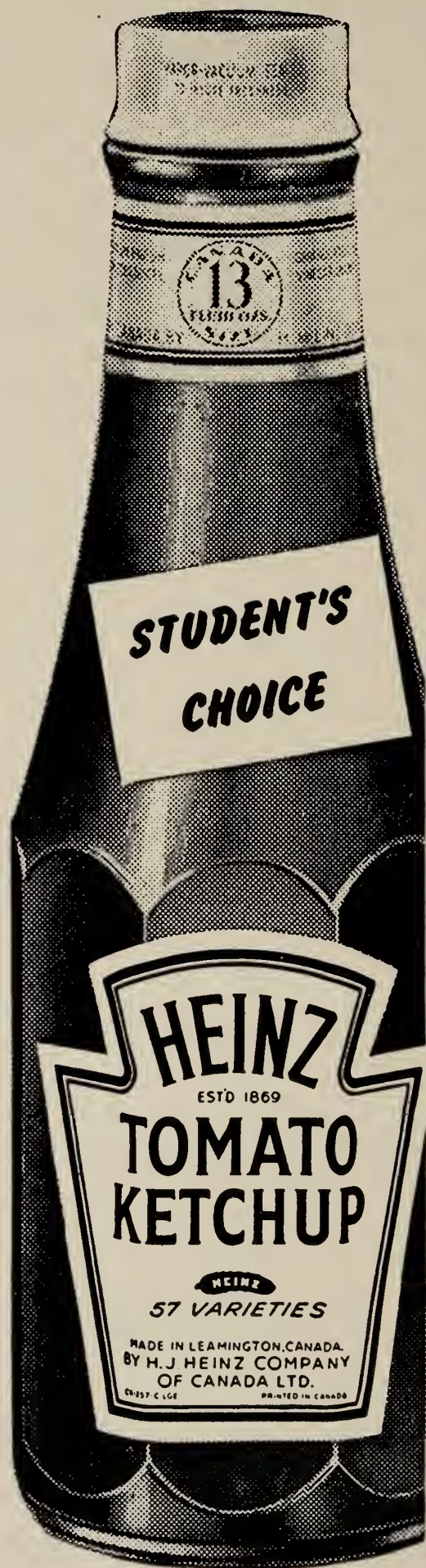
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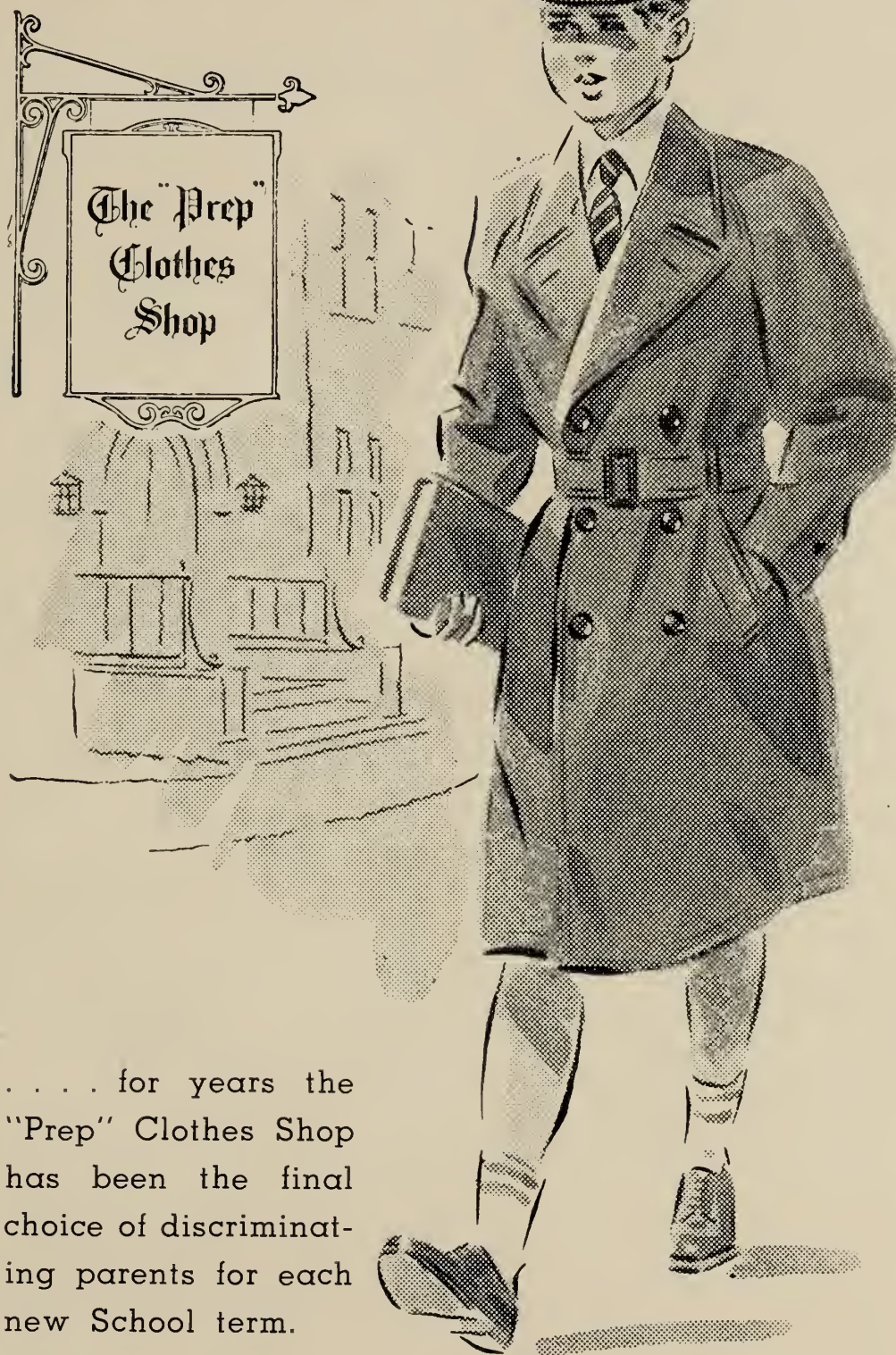
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